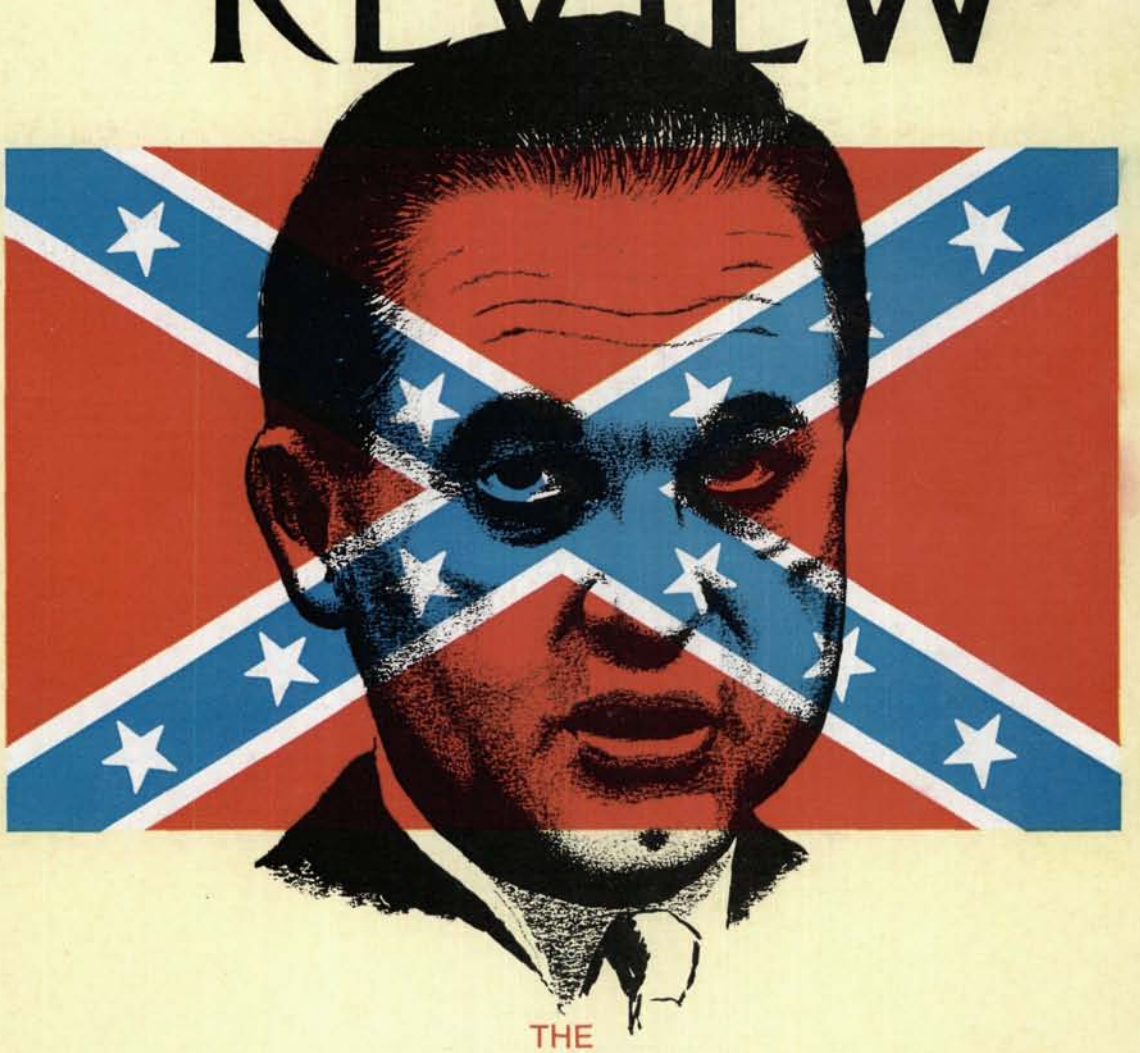
50 CENTS
ICD

APRIL 18, 1967

Wallace for President
(see below)

NATIONAL REVIEW



THE
ALABAMA
MOCKINGBIRD

What Makes Wallace Run?

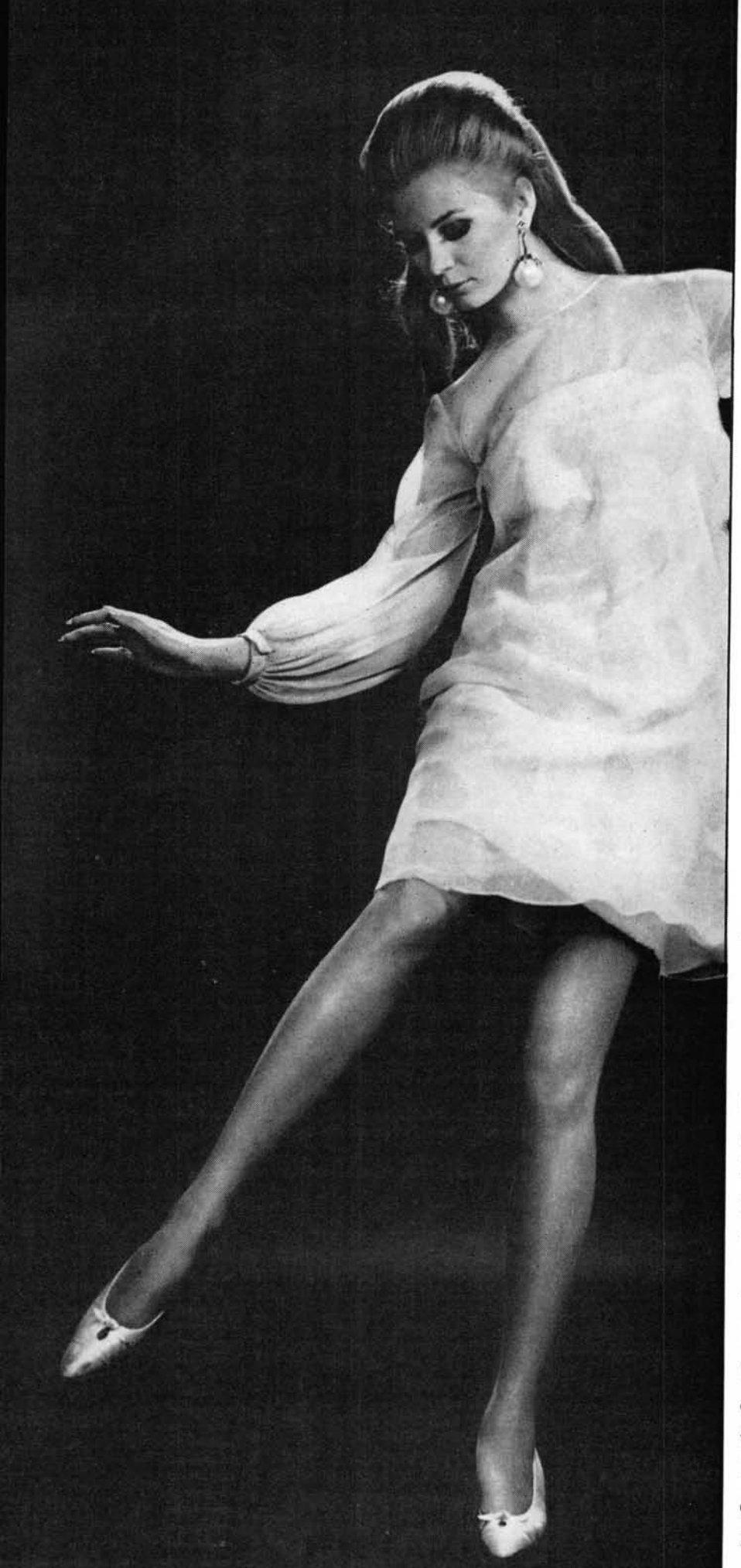
JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Also this issue:

HAZLITT TAKES ON FRIEDMAN'S NEGATIVE INCOME TAX ♦ MEYER ON MCLUHAN ♦ CHAMBERLIN ON MEDICARE ♦ ALSO GELTMAN, KIRK

E R17776 12-67
E ROY SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OHIO 45802

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Hosiery that makes you feel like you're floating!

Imagine the sheerest, lightest hosiery that cling-fits to your entire leg! That's hosiery of

AGILON®
STRETCH NYLON

Imagine hosiery that won't sag, bag or wrinkle at ankle, knee or calf all day long. That's hosiery of

AGILON
STRETCH NYLON

Imagine hosiery with two-way stretch that *gives* when you bend your leg...won't pop at the knee...and wears much longer! That's hosiery of

AGILON
STRETCH NYLON

Imagine hosiery that makes any leg, any size or shape, look noticeably nicer... that gives you the feeling you're floating! That's

AGILON
STRETCH NYLON

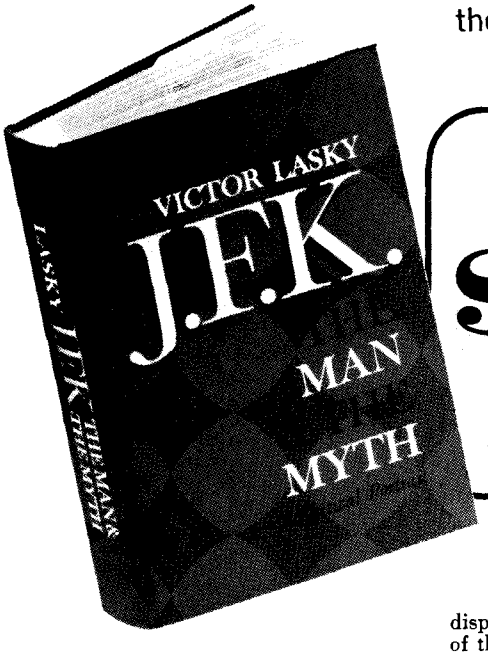
Imagine the company that created this wonder of fashion through the world's largest textile research and development organization...That's

Milliken

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

© Deering Milliken Research Corporation

A Bargain Offer for conservative readers who have not yet been persuaded to try membership in the Conservative Book Club: **SAVE $6.06**



Huge $7.95 Volume . . . Back in Print, with a new Preface by Victor Lasky

$1.89

Yours for only $1.89 with brief trial membership in the Conservative Book Club. **NO OBLIGATION TO BUY ANYTHING ELSE — EVER!**

HERE IT IS—for those of you who could not get your hands on a copy when it was first published — and then withdrawn. This is the one book on John F. Kennedy that provides the critical balance. It is the only candid book on John F. Kennedy — his family, his advisors, his record in Congress and as President. 250,000 words . . . 653 pages . . . fully documented. The only change from the original edition: a new Preface by author Victor Lasky.

This book appeared in September, 1963 and immediately blazed its way to the top of the bestseller list. Two months later, John F. Kennedy was felled by a Communist assassin.

The tragic death of President Kennedy has understandably muted much of the criticism of his Administration. Yet the record must not be ignored — because the men who made it, and their policies, are still with us. And these men are only too eager to rewrite history. (As Lasky has observed, Arthur Schlesinger manages to write 1,087 pages on JFK without once mentioning Lee Harvey Oswald!)

Here is a book that will hold you spellbound. Victor Lasky dug deep, uncovered forgotten speeches, compared promise and performance. His talks with men who play key roles in our nation's life — talks never reported elsewhere — make this book an indispensable document, a devastating critique of the Kennedy Administration, and a wonderfully witty (yet disturbing) picture of how our professional mythmakers construct their cardboard heroes.

With the legends now threatening to swamp us, this is the one book that supplies the critical balance. Massive in its research and sparkling in style, it is a model of political biography, and a service to American history.

YOURS FOR $1.89 — with Trial Membership in the Conservative Book Club

JFK: THE MAN AND THE MYTH (retail price $7.95) is sent to you *for just $1.89* (plus shipping) if you agree to try a brief membership in the Conservative Book Club. You need never buy anything else from the Club — ever. But as a member you may have any of the books the Club offers, at deep discounts of 20% to 75%. You are free to resign at any time.

You'll enjoy other benefits and privileges too . . . the best in conservative books to fit every taste . . . a free subscription to our monthly Club Bulletin, filled with political and publishing news of special interest to conservatives. And, at intervals during your membership, there are special services: *exclusive* Club Omnibus Volumes containing the cream of conservative publishing at immense savings over regular publishers' prices . . . exclusive reports such as the Conservative Survey offered free with membership in this announcement, to name just a few.

Each month of your Trial Membership you receive the Club Bulletin describing the next Selection and Alternates — all offered at discount, of course. If you decide to accept the Selection, you need do nothing; it will arrive about one month later. If you decide to reject the Selection, you can do so in a few seconds on the handy form always provided.

Join us! Send for JFK: THE MAN AND THE MYTH, and taste the reading pleasures of CBC membership. Mail the form below to Conservative Book Club, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

FREE TO NEW MEMBERS
New Conservative Opinion Survey

Just completed: a survey of CBC members on some of the urgent questions confronting conservatives. What are conservatives thinking today about working within the Republican Party? About forming a third party . . . the Birch Society . . . supporting Romney against LBJ . . . about Nixon. Goldwater. Buckley. Welch, Reagan?

These and many other questions are answered in a detailed 4-page survey report. It gives actual votes and percentages, and a careful analysis of findings — by far the most accurate barometer of conservative opinion available anywhere. Mail coupon now.

A SAMPLING of LASKY'S REVELATIONS

- Brass-knuckles tactics of Bobby Kennedy.
- Evidence that Kennedy covered up for Reuther before the Senate Labor Rackets Committee.
- The famed but hard-to-find Bailey Report, outlining the Kennedy strategy for luring the "Catholic vote".
- The confrontation with LBJ that left Kennedy quivering.
- The document that started the strange rumors of a first Kennedy marriage.
- The hilarious, incredible, tear-drenched scene that saw Hubert Humphrey block Kennedy's V.P. drive in 1956.
- Kennedy's ties with the Hollywood "Rat Pack".
- The men behind Kennedy — Schlesinger, Bundy, Sorensen, Galbraith, etc. — and the power they wielded.
- Startling facts, never before reported, about JFK's handling of the Cuban crisis.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB
81 Centre Ave., New Rochelle, New York 10801

Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB and send immediately my copy of the regular edition of *JFK: THE MAN AND THE MYTH* — billing me not the regular $7.95 price, but just $1.89 (plus shipping). Also include my FREE copy of the Conservative Opinion Survey. I understand that I need never buy anything more from the Club unless I wish to. Membership entitles me to Club Selections at deep discounts of 20% to 75% plus shipping. Each month you will send me the free Club Bulletin describing Selections and Alternates, any of which I may reject. My sole obligation is to refuse books I do not want on the special form always provided. I can resign at any time.

NR-58

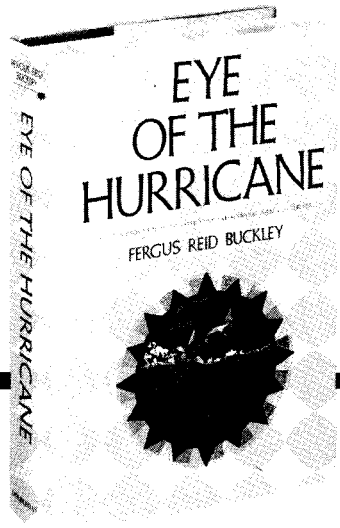
Name_____

Address_____

City/Zone_____ State_____

☐ SAVE MORE. Check here if you prefer to enclose full payment of $1.89 (check or money order) for your copy of *JFK: THE MAN AND THE MYTH*. In this case we pay all shipping costs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



■ You've read him for years in these pages under the pen name of "Peter Crumpet"...

■ Two issues ago you saw Russell Kirks's review of his novel and heard Mr. Kirk call him a "master of character . . ."

■ Last issue you read "Peter Crumpet's" piece on Gibraltar...

■ If you like what you've seen and read, buy Fergus Reid Buckley's

EYE OF THE HURRICANE

...a story about men and women pitted against each other and pitted against the elements...

***A sports editor from the *Charlotte Observer* writes: "'A novel about faith and hate, love and betrayal, men and the sea,' says the jacket. The book is all of that and more, a gripping story..."

***The Ft. Worth *Star-Telegraph* uses one word: "spectacular."

People in divers professions and from different parts of the country all acclaim

EYE OF THE HURRICANE

the smash
new novel
published by

DOUBLEDAY

APRIL 18, 1967

NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XIX No. 15

390 The Week

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

386 To the Editor
397 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
398 The Third World War *by James Burnham*
400 What Makes Wallace Run? *by James Jackson Kilpatrick*
410 Portrait of a Bureaucrat *by Joan Zola*
413 Medicare *by William Henry Chamberlin*
414 Peking's Defecting Diplomats *by L. M. Taubinger*
415 Death of a President *by John Brennan*
416 The Coming Crisis in Welfare *by Henry Hazlitt*
419 Principles and Heresies *by Frank S. Meyer*
420 Delectations *by Alec Waugh*
421 From the Academy *by Russell Kirk*
435 Trans-O-Gram
438 For the Record

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

423 The Great Tradition *by Stanley Parry*
424 The Great Divide *by M. Stanton Evans*
426 Electronic Anthropology *by Max Geltman*
428 Movies *by Francis Russell*
431 Report on the Quarterlies *by Peter P. Witonski*

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. *Editor*
WILLIAM A. RUSHER *Publisher*

Editors
JAMES BURNHAM ☐ ARLENE CROCE
FRANK S. MEYER ☐ WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY *Managing Editor*
JAMES P. McFADDEN *Assistant Publisher*

Associates
M. STANTON EVANS ☐ WILL HERBERG
HUGH KENNER ☐ JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK
DOROTHY REA ☐ RALPH DE TOLEDANO
TIMOTHY J. WHEELER ☐ GARRY WILLS

Contributors
C. D. BATCHELOR
COLM BROGAN ☐ JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
GUY DAVENPORT ☐ JOAN DIDION
W. H. VON DREELE ☐ DAVID FRANKE
NEAL FREEMAN ☐ NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON ☐ HENRY HAZLITT
SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE ☐ SIR SHANE LESLIE
SIR ARNOLD LUNN ☐ VINCENT MILLER
THOMAS MOLNAR ☐ GERHART NIEMEYER ☐ MORRIE RYSKIND
C. H. SIMONDS ☐ ALEC WAUGH ☐ FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Foreign Contributors
ANTHONY LEJEUNE, *London* ☐ E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, *Munich*
ELSPETH HUXLEY, *African Affairs* ☐ WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM, *At Large*

Art Director: JAMES W. O'BRYAN ☐ *Production:* EDWARD A. CAPANO
Circulation Manager: JOAN A. RASANEN
Advertising Director: JOHN PRICHARD

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 45 Gracey St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.) © National Review, Inc. 1967.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to *National Review*, Box 1601, Des Moines, Iowa 50306.

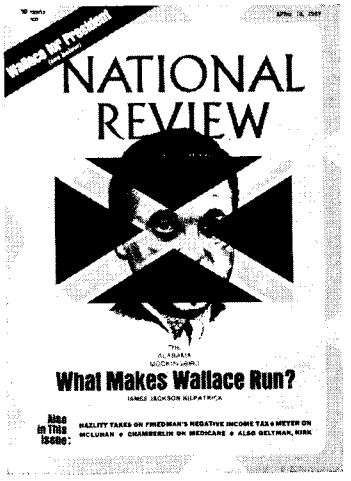
RATES: $16.00 a year ($9.00 for the 44-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ That eminent exponent of conservative thought, columnist **James Jackson Kilpatrick,** tells what he learned about "Gov" George Wallace of Alabama during a recent two-day visit with that luminary. Kilpatrick warns the scoffers: take a look at the electoral arithmetic of multi-party races, in particular the Truman-Dewey-Thurmond-(Henry A.) Wallace cockfight of 1948—and then go home and color George Wallace important, and ourselves nervous. . . . The continuing and piquant debate over Prof. Milton Friedman's proposal of a "negative income tax" is carried on a step further by the renowned economic journalist and author **Henry Hazlitt,** who raises the question whether Friedman isn't indulging himself in a double standard. . . . **Laszlo Taubinger,** a European press correspondent who lives in Vienna and specializes in Eastern European Affairs, discusses the "cultural revolution" in Red China from a unique viewpoint: its effect on the sticktoitiveness of members of Red Chinese embassies overseas; seems they're coming unstuck. . . . **William Henry Chamberlin**'s latest book, *Evolution of a Conservative,* analyzed (among other things) the growth of distrust of state centralism; now, with Medicare, Mr. Chamberlin encounters the analysis incorporate: and screams in pain. . . . Not everyone knows the real facts about the assassination of President Johnson's predecessor; Mr. **John Brennan** does, and he's not even subsidized by the CIA. . . . If Mr. Chamberlin's bureaucrats need a refresher course, they can study **Joan Zola**'s case study, here presented *con amore.*



➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** analyzes what's wrong with the current insistence by the Left that the United States ceasefire in Vietnam as a pre-condition for negotiations. . . . **James Burnham** has found something else good to say about Secretary McNamara. . . . **Frank Meyer** picks up what is left of Marshall McLuhan after Prof. Hugh Kenner's noble chastisement, and finishes the job once and, one would think, for all. . . . **Russell Kirk** performs the heroical feat of preserving his cheerfulness *after* a hard look at the California system of higher education. All it needs is a bit o' radical reform. . . . **Alec Waugh** reminds himself of that delectable custom of making one's way about the world on the wings of formal letters of introduction.

➔ Leo Strauss of Chicago has been called (by one who shall be nameless) "the greatest living teacher of politics." Now he has added to his solid body of work *Socrates and Aristophanes,* a profound and Straussian probe which draws a fine evaluative essay from Dr. **Stanley Parry**. . . . **M. Stanton Evans** reviews *The First New Deal* by Raymond Moley, who was one of its central architects. . . . Historian and sociologist **Max Geltman** despises the new book by Oscar Lewis. It is, he says, sociology McLuhanized. . . . **Francis Russell,** dear soul, has seen *The Bible,* so the rest of us don't have to. ➔

RESTAURANT
VOISIN
One of the Great
Restaurants of the World
Presents

THE
CLIENT
LUNCHEON

For that most important social or business luncheon, our courtesy limousine will escort you and your guests to the Voisin for an unhurried luncheon in quiet, relaxed surroundings.

Prix-fixe $6.00

FOR DINNER AND
LUNCHEON RESERVATIONS
MICHEL LE 5-3800
Restaurant Voisin
30 East 65th Street
New York City

DIRECT FROM PEKING
The *original* 'little red book'
QUOTATIONS FROM
MAO TSE-TUNG
800,000,000 people — 1/5 of the world — live according to the tenets of this official handbook of the Red Guards. Shouldn't you know what's in the original, official English version of what has become the world's bestselling book?

Only $1.00
At your bookstore now, or add 15¢ shipping and order direct from
CHINA PUBLICATIONS,
95 Fifth Ave., New York 10003.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twelve years ago . . .

. . . We guaranteed that our fiber-glass handles would not break, bend or collapse in normal use.

We still do!

BUY THE BEST . . . BUY PLUMB®

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, INCORPORATED • PHILADELPHIA, PA 19137

TO THE EDITOR

The Draft: A Blow-in

You "welcome the comments and participations of your readers" on the draft. Very well.

Bruce Chapman ["Why Not Abolish the Draft," *NR* Mar. 21] says the Administration favors lowering the "unnecessarily high mental and *physical* qualification standards for induction," but one thing seldom brought out is the effect of these standards on those of lower physical caliber.

I enlisted in the autumn of 1965, spent seven days in the Army, and was given a physical, honorable, discharge. Yes! A seven-day military career.

Why? As long as I can remember I was far less active in athletics than the average person, which indicates that my "unfitness" probably could not be expected to respond immediately to calisthenics. But my life in the Army was Hell with a capital "H": sarcastic sergeants mocking me, worse than a war novel. After one workout I slept sixteen consecutive hours in the infirmary.

Did Washington require a man to be an athlete at Valley Forge, to climb a rope, or to run a certain course in a certain length of time? Not everyone can put in an 84-hour week full of push-ups after seven days.

Belleville, N.J. NORMAN WALKINS

Bruce Chapman's suggestion to abolish the draft made a great deal of sense. Certainly it appealed to me, a somewhat hypocritical radical-right hawk who nonetheless would not relinquish his student deferment for his weight in gold —and that's a lot of gold, let me tell you.

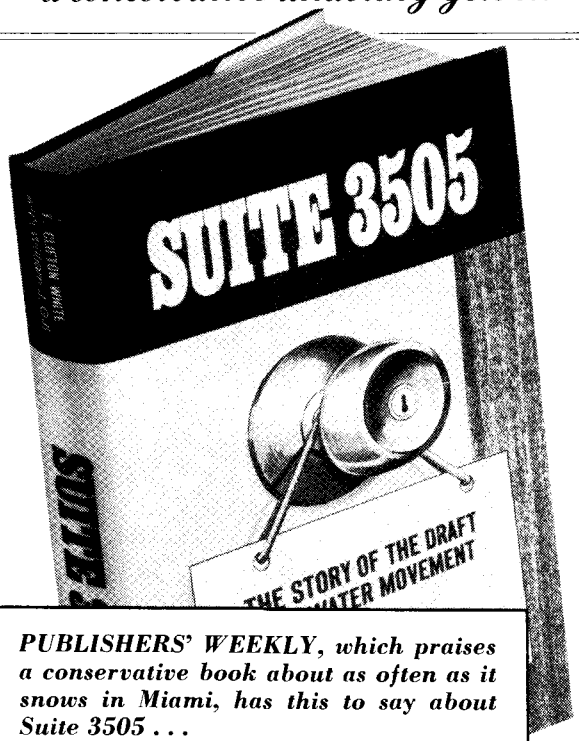
In times of peace, a volunteer army would be adequate. Even now, when we are involved in a war which is in the national interest, though not essential to it, a volunteer army *might* fulfill the country's military needs. If the time should come when the security of the country is directly threatened, however, a voluntary army would be neither adequate nor desirable.

On the other hand, the editors seem to think that some sort of universal service should be instituted (there was just an inkling of this in the editorial "Where Blows the Draft?" [Mar. 21], but I predict that universal service will be *NR*'s preference). This would be a grave mistake. It would put the emphasis on the nation, the society, and the collectivity at the expense of the individual. Am I the servant of the state,

(Continued on p. 388)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You are cordially invited to step behind the doors of Suite 3505 and see how a conservative underdog gets nominated for President of the United States



Suite 3505 THE STORY OF THE Draft Goldwater Movement

by F. Clifton White with William J. Gill

A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

THIS IS THE BOOK THAT *YOU* WROTE. You may be one of the 700 people mentioned in it by name. Even if not, you certainly are part of it. Part of the army of dedicated patriots who gave up all those hours on the telephone . . . all those dollars you really couldn't spare . . . to put across the man who would bring back the values that made our country great.

You are one of those who showed the Eastern power merchants that they no longer owned the Republican Party. This is your story; and it made history. In the aftermath of 1964, you can take heart at this reminder of all the *victories* you scored . . . victories that worked a revolution within the GOP . . . cast their shadows on 1968 . . . and far beyond.

Why Were Top Republican Strategists Frozen Out of the Goldwater Camp?

Suite 3505 is the inside account of the pre-convention days. A small group of conservative Republicans got the Draft Goldwater movement going. Quietly they worked behind the scenes during those months before the nation was ready to take Goldwater seriously.

This is the book about what we did right, and what we did wrong. Its facts led author Clif White to a clearcut three-part formula for what we must do the next time. In White's view:

1. There is no substitute for professionalism. Good personal friends are not enough to elect a President of the United States.
2. Party unity is a necessity not a luxury. And the GOP is the conservative's natural home.
3. Conservative Republicans, the people who gave Goldwater history's biggest win in a contested convention, hold the key to the party's future.

Here is the unvarnished story of the conservatives in their political debut. They made mistakes, but they showed muscle. This book will hold down the mistakes in the future – and tone up those muscles.

Risk-Free Examination

May we send you a copy of the *Suite 3505* for risk-free examination? We *guarantee* that you will be pleased with it or you may return the book within 30 days of delivery for money back (including *extra* cash to cover your return postage). Mail coupon below with $6.95 to your bookseller or: Arlington House, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, 10801.

How to Get This New Book FREE

Would you prefer us to send you *Suite 3505* free? You can get a free copy by joining Arlington House's affiliated company, the Conservative Book Club. Your only obligation as a member is to accept 3 books from among the 30 to be offered by the Club over the next 15 months, after which you may resign at any time. Membership entitles you to a free subscription to the monthly Club bulletin, plus the opportunity to buy any Club book at 20 to 75% off retail prices plus shipping. If you accept the monthly selection, no need to do anything. It is shipped automatically and the Club charges your account. If you don't want the monthly selection, you merely let the club know on the handy form always provided. If you prefer this plan, please check the appropriate box on coupon below and mail it today.

To your bookseller or:

ARLINGTON HOUSE
81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801

Gentlemen: Please send, postpaid, Clif White's *SUITE 3505*. My payment of $6.95 is enclosed. If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days for full refund plus extra cash to cover my return postage.

NR-217

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City/Zone*_____ *State*_____

☐ Send **Suite 3505** free and enroll me in the Conservative Book Club. I agree to buy 3 Club Selections in the next 15 months, at 20% to 75% discounts.

PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY, which praises a conservative book about as often as it snows in Miami, has this to say about Suite 3505 . . .

"If one reads past the author's obvious and admitted conservative bias, this book is a fascinating glimpse into the actual workings of big-league contemporary politics. F. Clifton White was one of the prime movers – and perhaps the finest political brain – behind the conservative forces that accomplished Barry Goldwater's 1964 nomination for President. Long, but rarely tedious, the book is a warm, personal, day-by-day recounting of the birth and life of the 'Draft Goldwater' movement from its forging in the fall of 1959 to its ultimate victory in San Francisco. White's own political philosophy, though present, is kept to a reasonable minimum and although he takes pokes at many prominent liberal Republicans, members of the conservative movement, especially some of Goldwater's closest advisers, suffer equally. Anyone interested in politics, conservative or liberal, can read the book with profit. It's almost a how-to-do-it handbook on Presidential nominations."

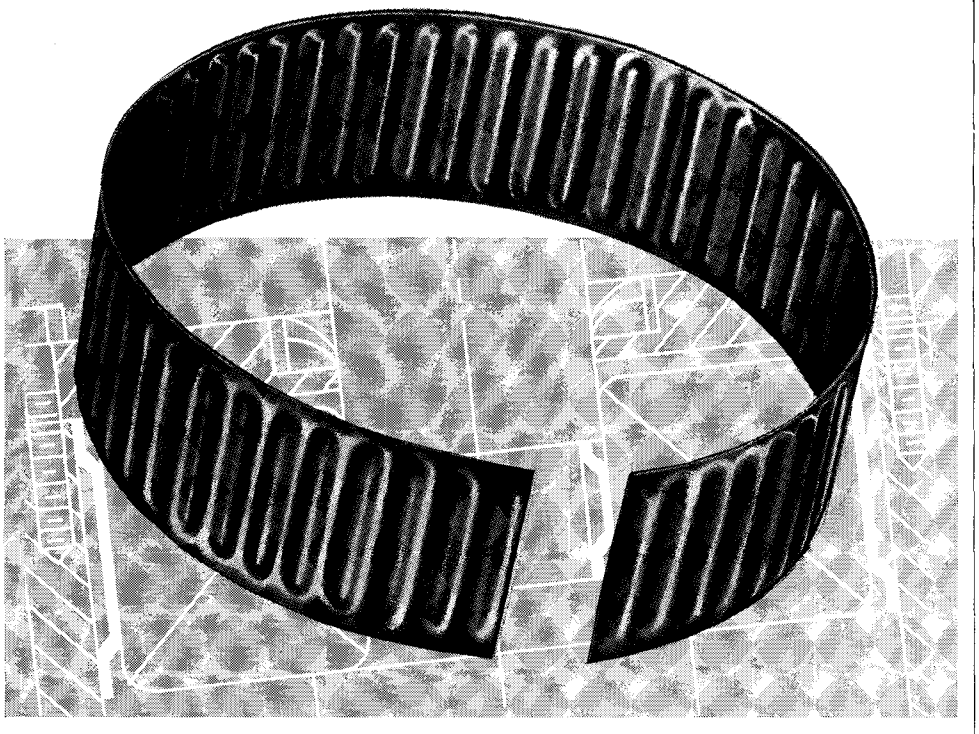
Publishers' Weekly

Behind the Scenes in the Goldwater Campaign

- ***Clif White and Romney stage eyeball-to-eyeball shouting match.***
- ***Goldwater preaches party unity, sticks by Javits, gets stabbed in the back.***
- ***Nixon moves into Rocky's apartment: were there political overtones?***
- ***Ike claims he's unclear on where Goldwater stands — and Jack Kennedy needles the General.***
- ***White's effort to work with Goldwater groups in Phoenix, Valley Forge and elsewhere. Draft Committee policy on the John Birch Society. How Birchers responded.***
- ***Seeds of dissension: Denison Kitchel and William Baroody appear.***
- ***Barry raises $350,000 for Bill Scranton and Pennsylvania GOP — who proceed to make a spectacle of him at the scandalous Hershey rally.***
- ***The assassination. Senator Tower and Draft Headquarters get threats. Tower's prophetic words about LBJ.***
- ***Could Kennedy have beaten Goldwater? Why Cardinal Cushing doubts it.***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cutting design costs with Star Tolerance Rings from RBC®



Lower manufacturing costs through wider machining tolerances, elimination of grinding operations, finish cuts, etc. are easily obtained by using these elastic shims between machine parts. Additional manufacturing savings can be achieved through wider use of plastic, sheet metal and die cast parts without regard for shrinkage, distortion or misalignment.

Star Tolerance Rings also function as a reliable inexpensive fastener and torque transfer device.

Typical applications include retaining ball and roller bearings in housings, fastening knobs on shafts, mounting gears, fans, and pulleys.

Information on this and other RBC products will be gladly furnished upon request.

ROLLER BEARING COMPANY OF AMERICA

SULLIVAN WAY, WEST TRENTON, N.J. 08628

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 386)

or is the state my servant? Is the government made for the citizen, or does the citizen exist for the use of the government? Clearly, the liberal would choose the state over the individual; I had thought that conservatives would immediately embrace the interests of the citizen. After all, isn't that why NATIONAL REVIEW is around?

Euclid, Ohio WAYNE L. ROHRICHT

A volunteer army would result in an influx of a certain type of young man: healthy in body, average in mind, perhaps with a touch of "social disadvantage." This is fine—but where will the army obtain surgeons, trained technicians, college graduates? I am not accusing the army of harboring an intellectual elite, but no institution can function without a fixed proportion of above-average individuals. Under a volunteer system, such persons could not be gotten without prohibitive expenditures.

Baltimore, Md. CATHERINE BORSELLA

In the five years I have been reading NATIONAL REVIEW, never have I seen in your pages a more intelligent article than "Why Not Abolish the Draft?" by Bruce K. Chapman.

Whoever wrote "Where Blows the Draft?" in the same issue obviously had read neither Mr. Chapman's article nor his excellent book, *The Wrong Man in Uniform*. Come on now, a conscript army is no defense against militarism. One can recall the examples of Prussia, Napoleonic France, the Soviet Union, and dozens of others in which conscript armies made militarism possible. The lower ranks of the military, whether made up of volunteers or conscripts, merely *follow orders* issued by the "career military establishment," which we and every other nation have.

We can afford a War on Poverty and endless handouts to foreign nations, yet we cannot afford to pay American Army privates dying in Vietnam even one-half as much as we can to high-school dropouts in the Neighborhood Youth Corps. I think the editors of *NR* are intelligent enough to grasp all of the economic arguments for a voluntary military, and I suggest that they read Mr. Chapman's book, which shows more fully than I could here how a voluntary system would cost actually no more than the present compulsory system.

The economic and military arguments seem to be a feeble ploy by the editors, who have been hesitant thus far to admit that their support of the draft

(Continued on p. 437)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Motors is people making better products for people.

Don Trites's dummies lead a rough life. For your sake.

To Don Trites, these dummies are very special people.

True. Their expressions never change, but they do have feelings. Mechanical feelings that can be measured by Don in moving simulated impact tests. These tests have helped GM safety engineers find and develop automotive designs that are safer for real people.

The tests go on day after day, year after year, ever increasing in sophistication and value.

Safety is an important part of every General Motors car. Maybe that's why Don thinks his dummies are something special.

They're silent heroes.

Don Trites, experimental technician, General Motors Proving Ground, Milford, Michigan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The WEEK

● Thought for the Ides of April — from William Smart's *Economic Annals,* of the early nineteenth century: "Take notice, I have cut the throats of all my horses, I have shot all my dogs, I have burnt all my carriages, I have dismissed all my servants except my wife, and therefore—I conceive I cannot be liable to any assessment whatever." This was the income tax return submitted in one of those sturdier years by an Irishman.

● George Romney's Presidential game began to fall apart as soon as people learned that he was bereft of foreign policy. Something daunted, his staff announced that their hero would deliver a major foreign policy speech on April 7. Towards the end of March it turned out that the staff couldn't agree on what policy to select for the Michigan Metternich. So they announced that Governor Romney had cancelled his foreign policy speech. All civilized nations heaved a sigh of relief.

● Inflationary federal deficits lead to "rising prices," as recorded in the Consumer Price Index. The Price Index is keyed to an arbitrarily selected starting point. As time goes on, the Index climbs until it embarrasses Washington. Washington then "updates" the Index, selecting a more recent year to serve as starting point, and concealing the past inflation. Thus the 1939 base year gave way to the 1947-1949 year; when the Index hit 130 per cent of the 1947-1949 level the base year was shifted to 1957-1959. We are now paying prices 139 per cent of the 1947-1949 level and 113 per cent of the 1957-1959 level. Presumably, within two years, if inflation continues at the present pace, the Washington statistical artists will select 1967-1969 as the newest "base period," and the Consumer Price Index will once again say a comforting 100 per cent—i.e. no inflation at all.

● Radio and television announcers and performers are on strike across the nation, and another crippling newspaper strike looms in New York City. More important to the economy as a whole, this month will see strike deadlines in three key industries: rubber, railroads and trucking. If a nationwide strike occurs in any of the three, it could well bring new pressure on Congress to enact some form of antistrike legislation. But labor experts look ahead to September for the really big blowup—unless auto-makers and the UAW can reach an amicable agreement this summer, which now appears unlikely.

● The three-man UN commission, arriving in Aden last week, was greeted, as promised by FLOSY (Front for the Liberation of Occupied South Yemen), by assassinations, grenade-throwing, riots, knifings and a general strike. Britain having decided to pull out of this critical post, there is not the slightest chance of an orderly transition to a new mode of government. Aden is a city and the only real city on the south Arabian coast; nearly half its inhabitants are Yemeni. The British idea of joining Aden with the small, tribal and largely nomadic sheikdoms of the South Arabian Federation is utopian. Yemen, which claims Aden as part of its own national territory is itself in the midst of a war involving civil and external forces. FLOSY, backed by the Egyptians, but opposed by the royalist Yemeni and the Saudi Arabians, proposes to take over Aden, but will be resisted by these opponents as well as by the Federation army. Russia is already active in the region and American interests along the Persian Gulf, in Iran and in Saudi Arabia are threatened. The UN presence, under the circumstances, as a farce.

● It was all very correct and military when the NATO flag was hauled down for the last time in front of SHAPE headquarters near Versailles. Supreme Commander General Lyman Lemnitzer made a nice little speech, thanking France for her hospitality. French Chief of Staff General Charles Ailleret thanked General Lemnitzer, explained why France no longer felt justified in integrating its army into the NATO command and wished SHAPE, "in the name of France, the greatest success in its task of maintaining peace." If SHAPE doesn't succeed in maintaining peace France—*hélas*—will be just about the first to hear about it.

● In 1964, Eduardo Frei Montalva and his Christian Democratic Party won a crucial election in Chile against two Marxist parties that threatened to take Chile the way of Cuba. Given the alternative, thousands upon thousands of voters who didn't buy Frei's brand of state socialism cast their ballots for him, and turned back the Communist threat. Since then, Chile has been in turmoil. Frei did not, as the extreme Left urged, nationalize the American-owned copper companies but he did negotiate what amounts to the forced sale of their controlling shares to the Chilean government. He didn't go all-out in land reform, but his government passed legislation authorizing expropriation of big haciendas under certain conditions. He didn't knuckle under to the extravagant demands of the copper miners, but made enough concessions to them to set off an inflationary spiral (prices were up 21 per cent in the first nine months of 1966). He didn't, as Latin American leaders traditionally don't, interfere in activities at the Uni-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versity, until near-revolutionary carryings-on by Castro-agitators among the students forced him to suspend classes for the year. In short, he didn't go far enough to placate the big and noisy Left or the small and powerful Right. And he provided no sure leadership for the middle class. A month ago, the general dissatisfaction with Frei's erratic course showed up when for the first time in Chile's history the Senate refused to authorize the President to leave the country on a planned state visit to Washington. Last week, in municipal elections, the vote of the Christian Democrats slid from 42.3 per cent to 26.5 per cent, making it doubtful in the face of this evident lack of confidence that Frei will be able to keep his unruly Assembly deputies in line much longer.

● Something special seems to be going on in Bolivia, but no one has figured out what or why. On March 24 an army patrol reported clashing with a band of bearded "Castro Communist guerrillas" in "Zone Red," a godforsaken nowhere six hundred miles southeast of La Paz. Then a Colonel Umberto Rocha said there was a general uprising of Communist-trained guerrillas armed with Soviet and Czech weapons, and a few days later Gen. Jorge Belmonte Ardiles announced that the guerrillas were under the command of Ernesto "Che" Guevara, whose resurrection Castro has often promised to more and more skeptical audiences. But on April 2 the two top Bolivians—Pres. René Barrientos Ortuño and Gen. Alfredo Ovando—denied all and added they believe Che died long ago. Nevertheless the government has put up alarmist placards alerting the people against "the Castro menace" and called up a draft of militia. One cynic suggests the authorities may be exaggerating a small clash to wangle increased aid from Washington and to point up Bolivia's decision to stay away from the American summit meeting in Punta del Este.

● The Red Guards' Bible, *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung,* is now available in an English translation from an eminently reputable American publisher. Critical reaction so far: The book is on its way to best-sellerhood on American campuses; the New China News Agency hails it as evidence that "China's Mao shines like a beacon in the dark places of the world"; the Chinese government is said to have ordered hundreds of copies (complete with critical introduction by A. Doak Barnett) to ease a shortage of its own Chinese-produced English translation; and *Krokodil,* the Soviet humor magazine, publicly wonders if the American publication will make Mao a "dollar millionnaire."

● The Soviet Union would like to make bids for the job of installing the world's largest hydroelectric turbines at the Grand Coulee Dam in our very own American West. The State Department is flummoxed, needlessly. To win the job, the USSR will have to underbid all others; cost accounting being almost useless in the USSR, the presumption is that Moscow would be taking a loss on anything the U.S. buys. Lord knows the State Department would rather die than be party to a loss in Moscow. It will be interesting to see which current Administration goal wins out—Competitive Coexistence, or the Thaw.

● According to a breathlessly happy memo from Mary O'Neill, Deputy Welfare Director, the Los Angeles County Administrative Directive 1172 has been revised so that welfare funds may now be spent on "membership in character-building organizations . . . extracurricular school activities . . . musical instruments and lessons . . . remedial education . . . vocational training . . . college expenses . . . anything for the child's better development." Tennis, anyone?

Papal Gaucherie

Pope Paul VI has released an unfortunate encyclical (*Populorum Progressio*), particularly unfortunate because its naiveté in economic and other secular matters drowns out passages of eloquence which, had they gone unencumbered by confused and confusing ideological detritus, might have served to remind the responsible community of the inspiring ardor of the Pope's passion for human reconciliation and the exercise of charity on a universal scale.

One wishes one might dwell on these passages. But it is not they, unfortunately, which are newsworthy. Around the world the press has elected to feature passages in which the Pope seems to be calling attention to the limitations of capitalism, the need for the further redistribution of wealth between the "rich nations and the poor nations," and another acknowledging that the control of the birth rate (by "moral means") is desirable.

Those who are unfamiliar with the style of papal encyclicals are naturally baffled at their failure to specify. That, however, is the papal mode, and often it is useful in that it encourages a universalist diction that frees itself of the parochial quality of specific references. On the other hand, it runs the risk that in the mind's eye of the Pope as he writes, he is seeing a very particular situation concerning which he intones generalities that appear to apply—most irrelevantly—to other situations.

The most specific of the encyclical's passages seem to be directed at the Latin American latifundia, the landed estates sometimes owned by an absentee millionnaire and operated primarily by peasant sharecroppers. "If certain landed estates," he writes, "impede the general prosperity because they are extensive, unused, or poorly used, or because they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bring hardship to peoples or are detrimental to the interests of the country, the common good sometimes demands their expropriation." Even so. But further: ". . . . It is unacceptable that citizens with abundant incomes from the resources and activity of their country should transfer a considerable part of this income abroad purely for their own advantage, without care for the manifest wrong they inflict on their country by doing this."

The difficulty with this generality is that if it is kneaded for meaning, it can be made to say a good many things that obviously were not intended, such as that the Pharaoh was quite right in resenting the exodus of Moses and all the Jews from Egypt. There are a lot of selfish Latin American millionnaires with bank accounts in Switzerland. On the other hand, there are a lot of Latin American ex-millionnaires who stuck around and were impoverished—and maybe shot—by demagogues who justified themselves by using the kind of language the Pope uses. Any Brazilian or Argentinian—or Indonesian—who took his money to Switzerland before Goulart or Perón or Sukarno took over the management of those countries contributed more to social well-being by investing his capital via Switzerland in productive enterprises, than by leaving it around to be squandered by the three left-wingers who in the name of human progress reduced the economic structures of their nations to ashes and set back by a generation any hope for improvement in the material condition of the people.

Once again a matter of emphasis. To discuss the obligation of the rich to stretch their necks out over the guillotine without exhortation to the politicians, rich and poor alike, to maintain order and stability, to reduce their appetites sufficiently to encourage organic economic growth, is advice in the name of charity and good conscience which, if followed, would add to, not subtract from, the sum total of human misery.

It is nothing more than a repetition of elementary Biblical injunctions to urge the rich to share what they have with the poor. It is another thing to urge that this process be executed primarily through the taxing or expropriating power of the state. "We must repeat once more that the superfluous wealth of rich countries should be placed at the service of poor nations, the rule which up to now held good for the benefit of those nearest us, must today be applied to all the needy of this world." This has been interpreted as a call for more foreign aid. In fact the richest nation in the world, the United States, though giving in direct foreign aid only one-half of one per cent of her gross national product, is even now having serious difficulty in balancing her gold accounts, a final failure to do which would result in the devaluation of the dollar and the impoverishment of a score of poor and semi-poor nations which hold billions of dollars as their principal reserves.

History has repeatedly shown that the most durable benefactions are not those that are mulcted from the people by a government to be sent disorientedly abroad, but those that flow abroad in enlightened search of opportunities, providing capital, jobs and productive activity. There have been two forms of aid to Latin America by the United States during the past thirty years, direct financial grants of the kind the Pope presumably favors, and investment by Americans and American companies in Latin America. The results of the former are to say the least exiguous. The results of the latter have been to furnish jobs for 20 per cent of the Latin American labor force.

And so it goes, indeed the Pope sometimes reads like a simplistic Barbara Ward, than whom there are few writers more simplistic. He enjoins upon "government officials" "above all"—would you believe it—"to make [your peoples] accept the necessary taxes on their luxuries and their wasteful expenditure in order to bring about development and to save the peace." The terrible congestion of misinformation in that sentence! Tax *all* the luxuries of the rich and you don't have enough money to buy all the Vatican treasures—it is the middle class and the lower middle classes who are shouldering the great economic load today, for the simple reason that the rich, if you took away everything they had, could not relieve the world's poor for a single week. The peace is not most usually disturbed by the poor, but by the power-hungry, rich or poor: the great peace-

---

Listen to the Dove

As I have been saying all along, the cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam is the first prerequisite for the next move, and I am more convinced than ever that if the bombing of North Vietnam ceases, in a few weeks there will be talks.

U Thant

I told him then; I tell him now.
Although I've never queried Mao,
I'm certain if he'd only *stop*
They'd do the same in Mao's shop.
Don't ask me why! I've been around.
Ask Martin Luther King: I'm *sound.*
We orientals have a way
Of sensing things, which LBJ,
Because he's occidental, can't.
(Moreover, he's a Protestant.)
I pray to Buddha endlessly
To make him sensitive—like me.

W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Congress returned from Easter vacation with nearly its entire agenda still before it. The only controversial measure acted upon so far has been the Consular Treaty in the Senate, and House Minority Leader Gerald Ford finds that the Democratic Congress is "wallowing in inaction" (which, considering some of the items on the agenda, might be the best solution). Ford neglected to add that the GOP itself has been, let us say, "wallowing in indirection." We were promised at the beginning of the year that the increased Republican minority was going to give a new direction to the Congress, but so far all that has been delivered is GOP ratification of the Administration's foreign policy. House Republicans now have their chance to retrieve some initiative for the GOP.

By the very nature of many of the Administration's programs, this means the congressional Republicans will have to be negative a good part of the time—especially with several programs which would extend federal power into the nation's political and educational processes. It will not do for Republicans to propose their usual 5 per cent reduction in appropriations; the Teacher Corps, the Presidential campaign financing law (already on the books) and the proposed "public" television network must be stopped altogether.

◆ The Teacher Corps was one of the foot-in-the-door programs initiated in the 89th Congress, and its current $7.5 million budget runs out this June. The small size of the appropriation has caused many in Congress to minimize the danger of having teachers on the federal payroll, and already the House Education and Labor Committee has passed a two-year extension by an 18-14 margin, with a liberal Republican—Rep. Alphonso Bell of California—voting with the Committee Democrats. Therefore, any action to kill the measure must come in the Appropriations Committee or the full House.

◆ The Presidential campaign measure was passed without hearings last year, as a rider on the "Christmas Tree" revenue bill pushed through in the final days of the 1966 session. By allowing taxpayers a voluntary checkoff of $1 each on their income tax returns, it could provide up to $30 million to each major political party for its Presidential campaigns. Some effects of the law as now written: 1) It makes the parties dependent on the Federal Government for major campaign financing. 2) Since the contributions would necessarily be made before the parties have selected their Presidential candidates, the citizen would be contributing blindly, not knowing whether he will approve of his party's choice, so that the law would remove the political parties still further from individual citizens. 3) It discriminates against third parties that have not polled over 5 million votes in the past Presidential campaign—and no third party has polled that many votes in the last forty years. 4) It accelerates the trend toward Presidential government by discriminating against contributions to congressional, state and local races. In addition, there are numerous technical defects in the law. The drive to repeal it is being led by a Democrat, Sen. Albert Gore of Tennessee, but he admits he isn't against federal financing of campaigns—just against some of the particulars of the present bill. There is no reason why Republicans should not lead the repeal drive—on principle. For a positive alternative, a tax deduction or tax credit for political contributions of up to $25, for any party on the ballot at any level of government, would go far to broaden the base of campaign financing.

◆ The third item in this parade of legislative follies —the proposal for a "public" television network based on the recommendations of the Carnegie Commission— is not on the books, and hopefully never will be. It would put the Federal Government in the center of the most influential communications medium, raising the danger of propaganda and control. If the government controls the content of the public network, considering the leftist bias of most TV commentators and personalities today, it is not hard to imagine the slant of the tax-supported programs. The problem of political bias on TV is acute enough already without compounding the problem by creating a tax supported propaganda network.

—CATO

---

breakers of this century, Russia, Japan and Germany, were not poor nations by common standards. It all reminds one of St. Thomas Aquinas's warning that, outside the field of morals and doctrine, the Church is quite capable of erring, *"propter falsos testes"* —on account of bad information. Those who have worked hardest and most productively for the diminution of human misery and know that the preconditions are 1) political stability, and 2) economic freedom, will be disappointed not at the goals, exquisitely described by the Pope, but by the suggested means, illusory and self-defeating, which if followed would have the contrary effect to that desired by this intense and holy man.

The Ramparts Need Watching

For several months official committees and unofficial publicists have been telling us what to do about CIA. We suggest that at least a passing thought be given to the question, what to do about *Ramparts*?

It's all very well to shrug and say, "CIA deserved what happened to it." That is true enough. CIA was technically incompetent, and it is no surprise when technical incompetence leads, sooner or later, to an accident. CIA was politically incompetent in putting its main bets, in the psywar game, on a presumptively non-Communist Left: not merely attempting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to influence leftish organizations, which was proper, but conceiving them as prime bulwarks against Communist advances, counting on individual leftists to conduct the anti-Communist battle, bringing leftists into the circle of "the witty" who knew what was what, recruiting them into "The Company." In truth, of course, many leftists were already present in CIA—among them CIA's chief paymaster to the Left, Cord Meyer Jr., founder of United World Federalists, a CIA officer since 1951. It was inevitable that in a serious political and moral squeeze such as the Vietnam war has brought about, the "non-Communism" of many of this type should prove less compelling than their leftism. It was silly for CIA to give money to Juan Bosch, Norman Thomas, the NSA creeps and such-like, but it was moronic to trust them. For having done so CIA does indeed deserve what it has got.

But the matter can't end there. CIA is not just somebody else's child; it's our baby too, a part of the American household. We can blame it for having engineered its own fall, but its fall concerns, and hurts all of us; badly. On that point let there be no misunderstanding. The entire CIA organization—all its operations and hundreds or even thousands of its officers, agents and contacts—has been gravely hurt. This means a grievous injury to our country's security and interest, an injury that will be a long, difficult, and expensive time healing. Indeed it is hard to imagine an episode that would bring more joy to the Kremlin, Peking and Hanoi than the CIA blowup. To cripple, at a single strike, the entire intelligence and psywar apparatus of the enemy! Not in their most optimistic dreams could the Communists have foreseen so shattering a break. This episode, however much it was prepared for by CIA's technical and political derelictions, was triggered by *Ramparts*.

The March issue of *Ramparts*, featuring the NSA exposé, was actually the fourth of its anti-CIA campaign. The new April issue—announced as usual by full-page ads in the nation's most expensive newspapers—carries three more articles: one by a former CIA employee who tells "How I got in, and why I came out of the Cold" ("What right did I have to decide . . . that random victims should die?"), a second on "How the CIA turns foreign students into traitors" and a third on purported CIA operations in the trade union movement.

Some of *Ramparts*' CIA material, false and true, is being written or supplied by persons who worked for or with CIA. Such persons sign an oath of secrecy, and under existing laws are subject to fines (up to $10,000) and imprisonment (up to ten years) for violating their oaths. In the case of *Ramparts*' CIA informers, Richard Helms, CIA's Director, stated that "CIA would take no action against them." Why not? Is CIA Mr. Helms' personal preserve, so that if he feels permissive about the poachers he may forgive them? What is in question here are crimes against the public law, against "the people of the United States." It is the business of the Justice Department to prosecute for such crimes, whether or not to the personal taste of Richard Helms—or Lyndon Johnson. But further: would it not seem that in obtaining these illegal accounts and publicizing them, *Ramparts* is presumptively guilty of conspiring to break the law? Why should not *Ramparts* also be prosecuted? (Its action in this matter is entirely different from that of reporters who dig out facts from public records or general gossip.)

But whether or not *Ramparts* should be prosecuted, surely it should be put under public scrutiny. *Ramparts* is an expensive job, printed on glossy paper, using many color-pages and buying massive paid promotion far beyond anything usual in its modest circulation range. It carries little paid advertising. Where does all the money come from to meet its deficits, which by now are unquestionably well into seven figures? In attacking CIA, *Ramparts* has made a great fuss about sources of money. Why not the same fuss from someone about the money that has gone to *Ramparts*? There have been several stories naming individuals (including *Ramparts*' publisher, Edward M. Keating) who have allegedly given large sums. The total, however, is not nearly enough. And must we not, in our new sophistication, inquire, in the case of any donor, whether he has given from his own pocket or acted as a "conduit" for a hidden source?

Some of *Ramparts*' multiple links with Communists and Communist causes have already been written about; some are, in fact, quite open. Jessica Mitford, identified under oath as a Party member, is listed as a contributing editor. Managing Editor Robert Scheer was active, like several other Ramparters, in the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, visited Cuba in defiance of State Department regulations, and made a secret trip to Prague only this February (on the eve of the NSA exposé). A member of the Communist Party's National Committee, Carl Bloice, was coordinator of Scheer's 1966 campaign for the California legislature. *Ramparts*' publisher Keating is currently directing the West Coast ac-

In the Next Issue

Charles Percy: Political Twiggy
by Garry Wills

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tivities of the Vietnik "Spring Mobilization," an operation launched by a united Communist Front. Many of the contributors and masthead names have histories in fronts, demonstrations, campus activities, etc. that have involved collaboration with Moscow, Peking, Trotskyite and Castro Communists and the more extreme wings of the New Left. Among *Ramparts'* relatively few ads during the past year or so are a full-pager from the Communist front W. E. B. DuBois Clubs, a full-pager from the Peking-oriented Progressive Labor Party, an ad featuring the Draft Program of the Communist Party's 18th National Convention, an ad for *Invitation to an Inquest* (the attempted rehabilitation of the Rosenbergs). And so on.

It is a fact that in the anti-CIA campaign, as in the campaign on Vietnam, *Ramparts* and many of those associated with *Ramparts* have been in a united front with the Communists, have paralleled the Communist line, and have pursued objectives held by the Communists. It is of legitimate and major public interest to probe the exact nature of these links between *Ramparts* and the enemy who is killing our countrymen.

Ramparts is an ambitious enterprise. Already it has added a weekly Sunday supplement. It plans a TV station, publishing house and advertising agency. Its sponsors, who seem to know very well what they are doing, can no longer be excused as juvenile delinquents. It is about time to begin treating them as grownup delinquents.

King-Talk

Dr. Martin Luther King, at this rate, will need to be followed about by a major truth squad. His demagogy is soaring, and he appears to feel no inhibitions at all in distorting the record. Never mind for a moment the rhetorical enormities in his New York speech of April 4, in which he would have won an anti-American shouting contest against the principal hog-caller for the Red Guards. Consider this one:

"Twice as many Negroes as whites are in combat,"
—a "reflection of the Negro's position in America."

We called the Pentagon. Here are the figures as of March 27, 1967.

Negroes in Vietnam

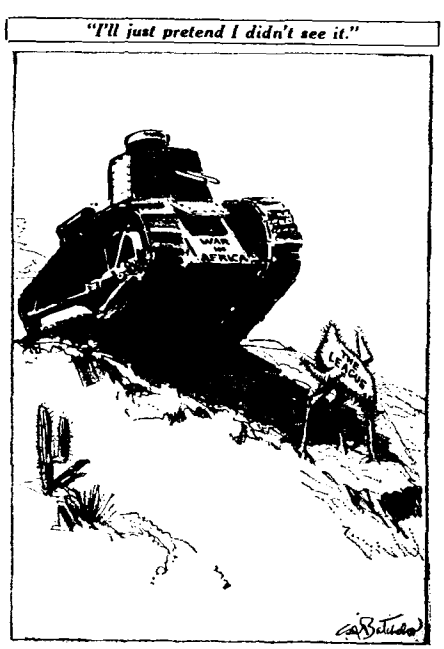
10 per cent of all U.S. servicemen in Vietnam are Negro (10.5 per cent of Americans are Negro).
13 per cent of Army personnel in Vietnam are Negro.
6 per cent of Navy personnel in Vietnam are Negro.
7 per cent of Marine personnel in Vietnam are Negro.
10 per cent of Air Force personnel in Vietnam are Negro.

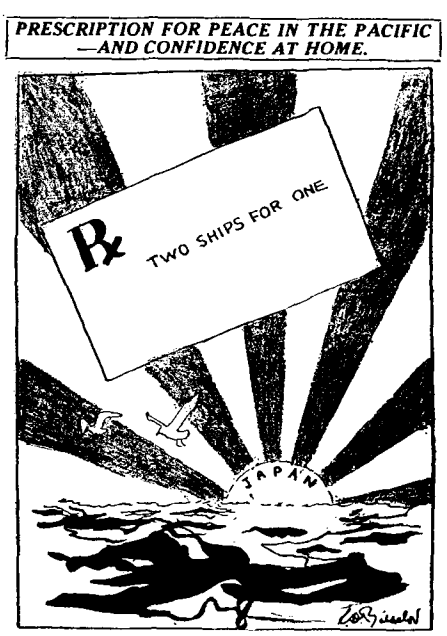
Total Armed Forces in Vietnam—425,000 (as of 3/25/67)

Total Army personnel in Vietnam	272,000
Total Navy, Coast Guard personnel in Vietnam	25,000
Total Marine personnel in Vietnam	74,000
Total Air Force personnel in Vietnam	54,000

BATCHELOR & THE THIRTIES

The Coming of War





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(There are 36,000 additional men offshore in ships of 7th fleet, Thailand has 35,000 men.)

Battlefield Dead in Vietnam (Navy excluded).
16 per cent of all battlefield dead are Negro.
21 per cent of Army " "
10.5 per cent of Marine " "
3 per cent of Air Force " "

Total Armed Forces (Vietnam and around the world)
10 per cent of total armed forces everywhere are Negro.
20 per cent of total Army forces are Negro.
10.5 per cent of total Marine forces are Negro.
5 per cent of total Navy forces are Negro.
2 per cent of total Air Force forces are Negro.

Re-enlistment
Negro rate is 3X that of white for first-term re-enlistments.
Negro rate is 10 per cent higher than white for career personnel re-enlistment.
And on top of that, get this:

The Negro rate of re-enlistment is three times that of whites for first term re-enlistments. It could be that this is so because the alternatives faced by Negroes—life at home under oppressive social conditions—is unpleasant. But why then is the re-enlistment of southern whites twice as high as that of northern whites? Or it could be held that Negroes are proud and happy serving an Army which their leader Dr. King is currently engaged in denigrating.

In any case, Dr. King's figures are wildly distorted, and whatever point he wishes to make based on that distortion, is unmakeable.

The McCarran Act, R I P

And so, finally, the Justice Department has officially announced that it will no longer attempt to prosecute those who defy the McCarran Act; and it follows that that important effort publicly to identify the agents of a foreign and hostile power is a dead duck.

It was, to tell the truth, fairly predictable. Early in the agents of a foreign and hostile power is a dead They needed only to say that to register as Communists, as required under the law, would be to give out information about themselves that might be used against them in some connection or other, e.g. that might render them subject to prosecution for failing to register under the Foreign Agents Registration Act, or to be had up for perjury for having sworn, in completing some government form or other, not to be members of the Communist Party. It was left only to add that the McCarran Act thus denied the rights guaranteed under the Fifth Amendment, and—the ball game was over.

Now all this reasoning was quite apparent to most of the legislators who voted, indeed voted to override a Presidential veto, in favor of the Act back in 1950. But it was known then, as it is now, that the courts are flexible bodies which will *somehow* accommodate one of the Constitution's raisons d'être, namely to protect the republic from enemies alien and domestic. And indeed the Act itself passed muster before the Supreme Court, which by a margin of one Justice declared it constitutional. So that we have been left with a constitutional Act whose provisions cannot be applied without violating the Constitution. I.e. the Congress apparently has the right to "register" the names of Communists on the grounds that they are foreign agents, but the government doesn't have the right to require them to step forward and *be* registered: not even those Communists who are admittedly Communists; not even acknowledged officials of the Communist Party.

And indeed the times are changing. We are told thrice a day that the cold war is over, that the Vietnam conflict is the last gasp in a Peloponnesian ordeal which is happily ending in a sort of grudging amiability between the partners, and that it is only a matter of time before Barry Goldwater Jr. and Bettina Aptheker bed down together. The law, in other words, has been interpreted in such a way as to accommodate existential realities. During "the McCarthy days"—which is for some reason a more fashionable way to put it than during "the Stalin days"—America found it necessary to be more actively concerned about the Soviet's agents. But now, tra la, we can afford to be permissive.

We shall have to wait and see. Predictably, Congress is not about to take up the ruins of the McCarran Act and see what can be done to rebuild it as an effective instrument for harassing our enemies, if we might use an old-fashioned term—the kind of term our soldiers in Vietnam would be likely, in their extremism, to use. It will take a major provocation to rally Congress to devise, if it is possible to do so under the Constitution, an effective substitute; or to persuade the courts to let pass what Congress attempts. One can only hope that such a provocation will not recur, though experience does not justify such optimism. Experience shows us all over the world that Communism is a fighting faith. More so than whatever faith it is the West can be said nowadays to profess.

Notes & Asides

NATIONAL REVIEW has been dealing for weeks and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

months with our newsstand distributors—at one point we almost decided to remove the discussions to Geneva—trying to coax them into supplying more newsstands with copies. We have won out—on a trial basis. Beginning with this issue, several hundred additional newsstand will handle *NR*. Especial attention will be paid to results, so your obedient servants humbly request that you go about your community at midnight banging a gong and announcing that *NR* is universally available, and all's well.

On the Right

What's Chic in the Anti-Vietnam Front?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Paris. The young socialists in England, who tend to the same kind of extremism that their young Democratic counterparts do in California, have, in congress assembled, blasted the United States for its pursuits in Vietnam, giving the usual reasons why the U.S. should pull out and why their seniors who comprise the Labor Government should repudiate the Americans unless they do.

Buckley

There was the usual cast—no worse to be sure than the kind of thing one hears at home from our own addlepates—but the conventioneers appeared to move front-and-center to what has emerged as the sophistry du jour. We have all heard it flirted with in the past few months, but now it is advanced boldly, the workhouse argument against America's sincerity in desiring to negotiate.

It goes like this. It is all very well for the United States to agree to stop the bombing if the North Vietnamese agree to stop sending troops and supplies to the South. In fact, the acceptance of these terms by the North Vietnamese would result in a disequilibrium damaging to the North. Because Johnson, note carefully, does not pledge himself to suspend military action in the South, nor to interrupt the flow of men and materials to South Vietnam. Therefore the Vietcong would, under the terms of President Johnson, find itself fighting just as rigorously as before, but deprived of the sustenance from the North on which it so heavily depends.

What's wrong with that analysis is that it prescinds just one part of the entire operation and tacitly insists that a total balance can be struck within it alone. To ask the United States, as a symmetrical precondition for peace talks, to vacate Vietnam, or to stop sending supplies to our army there, is a little like an aging heavyweight asking Cassius Clay, as a precondition to fighting him, to give up his youth.

Concerning the American presence in Vietnam and the supplying of it, there are two salient considerations, the first being that we are there at the invitation of the majority of the people of South Vietnam, which is not the case concerning the North Vietnamese who are south of the border. The second is that our supply line to South Vietnam is not even harassed, let alone threatened; so that there is no relevant pressure upon us in return for the relaxation of which we might reasonably agree to starve out our own troops.

And anyway a mere "meeting" between negotiators (and here of course is the weakness in U Thant's plan) is useless unless the logical next step is not merely implicit, but expressly agreed to in advance.

The logical next step is: a suspension of hostilities in South Vietnam, i.e. roughly speaking (there would inevitably be "incidents") the kind of thing that obtained during the New Year's truce. Now during that truce the North Vietnamese, very much against the spirit of the thing, rushed thousands of tons of supplies into the battle areas. The U.S., granted, continued its normal provisioning: but that was hardly against the spirit of the truce, inasmuch as the provisioning of South Vietnam is completely workaday. The North Vietnamese have to fight their way through sustained aerial barrages to insinuate a firecracker into South Vietnam. The Pentagon can disgorge its goods in Saigon about as safely as in New York harbor.

So that for the U.S. to promise to suspend the provisioning of its forces in what is, in military terms, its own undisputed territory is rather like asking the North Vietnamese, as a precondition to a ceasefire, to suspend commercial relations with Red China.

Tough for the Doves

Thus the argument crumbles, as so many others recently have. It's been a bad fortnight for the opponents of our action in South Vietnam. There was, first, the report by Dr. Howard Rusk of New York, that hard though he tried, he was not able to discover a single Vietnamese child burned by American napalm, though he found scores upon scores of them burned by action of the Vietcong. Pfft! went the most emotional of the commonplace charges against American "brutality."

Then the reporters for the London *Economist,* having deeply researched the matter, reported that in the history of warfare there is nothing to match the restraint which the Americans have shown in their conduct of military operations in Vietnam. And pffft! there went the argument of American wantonness.

But the lefties will not run out of arguments, such is their facility at that kind of thing. Perhaps what is needed, as a precondition for negotiations, is a few weeks of utter silence from the hysterical Left. I suppose they would demand a complementary silence from us, the Voice of Sanity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Virtue Triumphant

In this chapter we learn how the villainous Robert Strange McNamara plotted to destroy the American shipbuilding industry and merchant marine, only to be thwarted at the eleventh hour by the heroic action of the U.S. Senate.

Burnham

Since the kind of trouble that concerns soldiers doesn't always come to them, they and their weapons have to be able to go to the trouble. This is the central problem of what soldiers call "logistics."

For thousands of years this problem was solved by foot-slogging. In recent millennia a succession of organic and mechanical adjuncts have been enlisted: sledges, donkeys, horses, mules, carts, oxen, ships, trains, trucks, aircraft, etc. The logistic problem has been an intense preoccupation of military men, because they have understood the decisive importance of getting there fustest with the mostest.

When trouble that concerns the United States has started or threatened beyond the continental boundaries, the Navy has traditionally had the job of getting the soldiers, weapons and supplies to the troubled spot. Lately aircraft have been assigned an expanding share.

For a minor trouble, the Navy has in continuing service ships bearing relatively small numbers of fighting men (marines) and some equipment. But if the trouble is on a larger scale—as it has been since 1945 in Greece, Korea, Vietnam and elsewhere—more men, equipment and, also, ships are required than the active Navy has immediately at hand. The additional men are in quarters on land, additional equipment is in warehouses, also on land, the greater part within the continental boundaries, and the additional ships, classified as part of the naval "reserve," are either on the seas as merchant carriers or tied up in mothball status. The men must be summoned from their barracks and transported to where the action is or may be; the weapons and equipment must be taken from the scattered warehouses; the ships must be ordered to active duty, assembled at the relevant places, loaded, sent on their way and unloaded. All this consumes a good deal of time.

Fast Deployment Logistics

Having these matters in mind, and having further noted that our era offers numerous occasions of trouble or threats of trouble in distant regions, the Pentagon chiefs, both military and civilian, figured out a much improved solution for the global problem: a solution they named the "Fast Deployment Logistics" system. One element is a force of huge, speedy aircraft to carry large numbers of men with their lighter equipment anywhere in a few hours. This element will soon exist, as the great Lockheed C-5As, with a capacity of 700 men each, come off the line.

The second key element was to be a set of twenty big, fast FDL ships, loaded with all kinds of equipment from helicopters to food. Their special gear would permit unloading in ten hours at docks, twenty on a beach, to join up with the men arriving in the C-5As. They would stay at sea, cruising — like the Navy's combat ships — in key waters around the globe, so that one or more would always be near any coastal point.

The Pentagon's military and civilian leaders know that FDL would give them an incomparable arm to meet trouble fast and hard, and further guess that our own mere possession of this arm would often abort a trouble before it reached dangerous size. FDL scores high on the cost-efficiency sheet: speeding the deployment potential of available power (men & equipment) is equivalent to multiplying its quantity. Strategically, the FDL concept is a brilliant response to contemporary challenges.

So last month the Senate, on recommendation of its Armed Services Committee, rejected the Administration proposal to appropriate funds for the first seven FDL ships. Why?

Because the maritime and shipyard unions backed by the marine unions and the older-line shipbuilding firms put the squeeze on, that's why. Because the U.S. shipbuilding industry, thanks to monopoly unions and lazy management, is at the bottom of the pile, surviving at all only through heavy government subsidies. According to a study in *Aviation Week*, "U.S. shipyards require nearly six times as many man hours—at higher U. S. wages—per steelweight ton as Japanese shipyards and nearly four times those required in Swedish shipyards." The unions and some of the builders are afraid FDL might upset their featherbed. With reason. McNamara knows the shipbuilding situation, and openly declared as one part of his intention that "the FDL program may pioneer the revitalization of the American shipbuilding industry."

Down Georgia Way

Instead of giving a Navy design to a favored yard on a cosy cost-plus basis, companies were told what FDL was supposed to do and asked to submit bids on the whole job on a "systems" basis, as in the great aerospace projects. Todd Shipyards and Bethlehem Steel's shipbuilding division — two old-liners — dropped out early, plaintively expressing their inability to handle a task of such scope. The formal bids have come from three of the foremost aerospace firms, each of which has a shipbuilding subsidiary: Lockheed, Litton and General Dynamics.

Curiously, Senator Richard B. Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee that turned thumbs down on the FDL ship appropriation, seemed thoroughly sold on the FDL concept when, a couple of years ago, he steered to legislative approval the $2 billion C-5A contract that went, as it happens, to Lockheed's plant in his own Georgia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

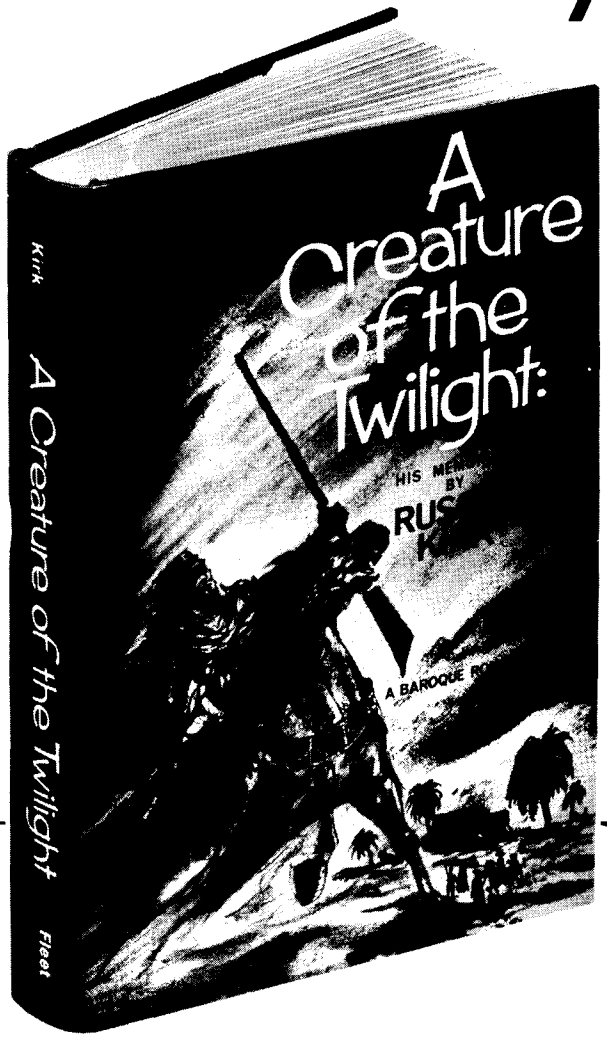
Please Act Immediately!

We have just enough books to make this offer once and once only—

⊹

it expires at Twilight, April 30, and it will not be repeated

Here is something really different—a darn good conservative novel—bold, exciting, imaginative and all yours for a mere $1.95 if you accept this offer



Russell Kirk's fascinating new novel is now selling in stores (if you can find it) for $6.95. But if you will just mail the card facing this page today we will send you this fine hardcover edition at a 67% discount—saving you a full $4.00—and you'll have an enjoyable book for those relaxing hours in the Spring sunshine (the ones you've been promising yourself, remember?)

Gosh! This book has everything! Russell Kirk gives you a guided tour—often hilarious, always pungently satirical—through "emerging" Africa, with all its "sun and blood and corruption." You'll find Liberal American Ambassadors ("It's not quite what we expected...Can't understand why the Progressives would break into *our* consulate..."), pretty Peace Corps girl Mary Jo Travers (in the wrong place at the wrong time), the sinister Manfred Arcane, Jet-set beauty Linda Lawless, the unforgettable Arpad Nemo (is he quite human?), plus Communist intrigues, story-slanting journalists, plots and counterplots, battles and bloodshed that will keep you on the edge of your hammock.

Do you like mysteries? You'll love this book. Do you like politics? You'll find many a shrewd political gem here. Do you enjoy a well-written book? Here you have one.

Consider what a bargain this is: if you're a regular NR reader, you'll probably be renewing your subscription soon—why not take this opportunity to renew now and get this unique novel at a 67% discount? (No matter when your current subscription expires, we'll extend it for a full year.)

And if you *aren't yet* an NR regular, here's your opportunity to become one—you pay no more than the regular $9.00 yearly rate, which saves you a full $4.00 over the single copy price of the magazine, and you save *another* $4.00 on this book—an $18.95 value, yours for only $10.95! How can you beat that?

Stroke of Twilight

Don't delay—use the card facing this page today. We have just enough books to make this offer *once and once only*, and we absolutely cannot repeat it. You won't forgive yourself if you miss it. "A Creature of the Twilight" is the perfect book for that weekend jaunt, or for right in your own back yard. Remember, this offer expires at the stroke of Twilight, April 30th! Mail the handy card right now, before you forget.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is it a bird?
Is it a plane?
No! It's George C. Wallace,
candidate for
President in 1968.
He expects to
win on the
dime-store vote.
And don't take him lightly.

WHAT MAKES WALLACE RUN?

James Jackson Kilpatrick

He weighs 155 pounds, soaking wet, and stands a shade under five-feet-seven. Quick hands. Nimble feet. Brown eyes; dark brows; black wavy hair. In full face, chewing a thick cigar, he brings back the image of Edward G. Robinson in the days of Little Caesar. He is a man in constant motion—a go-cart, a catamount, a mockingbird, a bearcat; he is the cue-ball that dominates the table. To Louisiana's Governor John McKeithen, he is a "champion of constitutional liberties." In the view of Barry Goldwater, "he's a conservative, and he's a disaster." This bantamweight bull-calf, plunging toward the political china shops of 1968, is George Corley Wallace of Alabama. He's running for President.

That prospect is now as certain as the prospect that Monday will run into Tuesday. To be sure, he has made no formal announcement. He has even left himself an out: If either of the major parties will offer a candidate and a platform advancing a sufficiently conservative view, Wallace will step aside. But that prospect is like Tuesday running into Monday. The prospect is zero, and Wallace admits it. "I'm more likely to get in the race than I am likely to stay out," he says. He's in it.

At this writing, his party has no name. By standards of the big time, he has no money, no organization, no national committee, no handlers, managers or advisers. In a couple of key states, he can't be sure of even getting on the ballot. All this is immaterial. The Presidential bug has bitten George C. Wallace, and the fever rages within him. Incredible as it sounds (and God knows it sounds incredible), the Wallace candidacy is now certain to weigh heavily in the '68 elections. If he is a poltergeist in Republican parlors of the South, he is almost equally bad news for Democrats of the upper Midwest. Take him seriously? He ought to be taken as seriously as an orbiting atom bomb.

The last Wallace to run for President was the Hon. Henry A., of Iowa, a long, tall fellow with a sad and windbeaten face. Pegler called him "Old Bubblehead," and the nickname stuck. The late Henry was a liberal, an intellectual, a writer of books, a soft-spoken man of infinite gauzy notions. He used to consult a guru. At the time of his abortive race in 1948, he had served for seven years as Secretary of Agriculture and had spent four more years of federal apprenticeship as Vice President under FDR. He was a thinker, a world-traveler, an agronomist of some repute.

The Two Wallaces

Wallace, Henry, and Wallace, George, claim scarcely any kinship within the Wallace clan. The Alabamian is short, swart and voluble. He would have snapped at Cousin Henry like a terrier chewing on an afghan. He is built in the Menckenian image of the man who mastered a notable acrobatic art: He can strut sitting down. When it comes to civil rights and the state-federal relationship, George Wallace tents in the conservative camp. On other issues, contrary to widespread impression, he is moderate to populist. His federal experience is nil; his foreign travel is reckoned in a vacation trip to Mexico and a stem-winder he once delivered in Toronto to the Lions. No one would ever call him gauzy. His appeal is 180 degrees to the south of his Iowa precursor.

Yet it is useful, nonetheless, to recall some of the forgotten aspects of the campaign of Henry Wallace nearly twenty years ago. The statistics can teach us something of the spoiler's role that George could play next year. The whole of the 1948 election, indeed, is required homework for any man who would study the next election.

The contest between Harry Truman and Tom Dewey offered the voters a choice that was tolerably clear. Truman was by no means an ultra-liberal, nor Dewey an ultra-conservative, but the spread of the major party candidates in 1948 was wider than the spread of, say, Eisenhower-Stevenson or Kennedy-Nixon. For purposes of ordinary political preference, it might have been imagined that the two-party system in 1948 was functioning reasonably well. Then Henry Wallace came on the scene in New York, and Strom Thurmond entered from stage right in South Carolina.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many persons tend to minimize the potential role of George Wallace under the mistaken impression that as a national candidate, the Alabamian "won't even be able to get on the ballot." These objectors may be sobered to recall that Henry Wallace, under the banner of the Progressive Party, was able to field electors in 45 of the 48 states. He failed to get on the ballot only in Illinois, Nebraska and Oklahoma. The problems of qualification are complex—Wallace has two attorneys working on them now—but they are far from insurmountable.

As a percentage of the 48,700,000 votes cast in 1948, the 1,157,000 cast for Henry Wallace ranked exceedingly small. But Presidential elections in the United States ought never to be considered in terms of the popular vote. Under the electoral college system, Presidents are chosen within the states by the rule of winner take all. (It is this fact of political life, incidentally, which makes the typical Presidential poll so meaningless.)

Third Parties Critical

In New York, the vote for Dewey was 2,841,000. The vote for Truman, on combined Democratic and Liberal tickets, was 2,780,000. All of New York's 47 electoral votes went to Dewey. But there also were 509,000 votes cast for Henry Wallace, running on an American Labor ticket, that otherwise would have been cast for Truman.

The same situation obtained in Maryland. The count was Dewey, 294,000; Truman, 286,000; Wallace, 10,000. The eight electoral votes went to Dewey.

It was the same story in Michigan: Dewey, 1,038,000; Truman, 1,003,000; Wallace, 46,500. Michigan cast nineteen electoral votes for Dewey.

If the Wallace Progressives had pulled only a little harder in Ohio and California, Truman would have lost these as well. The two states stayed in the Democratic column, but it was a very close thing. In Connecticut, Delaware and New Jersey, Dewey won a clear majority, but the combined Truman-Wallace vote was right on his heels.

In sum, the presence of Henry Wallace in the 1948 election cost Harry Truman at least 74 electoral votes. And the Wallace factor was of major significance in the allocation of another 83 electoral votes.

Meanwhile, down in Dixie, the States Rights Democratic Party emerged: Strom Thurmond for President, Fielding Wright of Mississippi for Vice President. Below the Potomac they waved the Confederate flag, and they rolled out the vote for God, for country, and for segregation.

Thurmond was able to get on the ballot in sixteen states only. His total vote of 1,169,000 was scarcely more significant in the total vote than the 1,157,000 for Henry Wallace. But such was the fighting mood of the simmering South that Thurmond swept the electoral votes of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina, and claimed one maverick elector in Tennessee.

Not long after the 1948 election, Dewey reportedly listed among the first reasons for his defeat the frustrating effects of the Thurmond presence. The tatterdemalion Southern Republicans of that day had no hope of making a showing in most of Dixie, but they had pinned great hopes upon Florida and Virginia. In both states, resentment against Truman was strong; GOP organizations were gaining strength. But when the votes were counted in Florida, it was Truman, 282,000; Dewey, 194,000; and Thurmond a maddening 89,700.

In Virginia, Truman polled 200,800; Dewey, 172,000; and Thurmond a spoiler's 43,000. The effect was to put Florida's eight and Virginia's eleven electoral votes in the Truman column. The final count of the total electoral vote was Truman 303; Dewey 189, and Thurmond 39.

These figures are not the liveliest reading in the world, but they are essential to any realistic contemplation of this next election. Too often, we tend to think of third parties in terms of the Prohibitionists, the Socialists, the Greenbackers; and we tend to equate third-party candidates with the benign visage of the quadrennial Mr. Thomas. The notion clings—it is one of the grand American illusions—that the two-party system is a political Gibraltar, impervious to the small guns of impudent frigates that pass in the night. It is not so. Any careful study of the Dewey-Truman-Wallace-Thurmond contest of 1948 will show it is not so. The palpable fact is that in any states in which the two parties are closely balanced, or a third party's cause is especially popular, the presence of third-party electors can turn the filets mignon of a victory dinner into nothing but Wednesday hash. Even 1 or 2 per cent of a state's total vote can turn the trick. All of us know these things. We tend to forget them.

With that background, one looks ahead to 1968. For the Democrats, we must assume the renomination of Lyndon Johnson. The President will be sixty. In recent months, his popularity has been dropping as slowly but as surely as the balance on a mortgage. Both edges of his party are defecting—the conservatives who find him too liberal, the liberals who find him not liberal enough. Speaking for disenchanted intellectuals, the ADA recently fell into horrid speculations that Mr. Johnson might be defeated at the polls after a single term. On the other hand, conservative Democrats continue to be appalled at such Johnsonian demands as open occupancy housing. To the extent that convenient labels still hold meaning, the Democratic Party will be the liberal party again in 1968.

Intra-Party Distinctions Going

But these labels, in terms of the two-party prospects for next year, hold relatively little meaning for George Wallace — and for many others. In this dyspeptic view, the old intra-party distinctions are vanishing. If the Democratic Party is the liberal party, it is only slightly more liberal than the Republican Party; the difference is one of degree and not of kind. The same objection goes to the candidates. It is conceivable that Wallace might once have been appeased by the nomination of Richard Nixon, but Nixon campaigned against Lurleen in Alabama and that eliminated Nixon. Most of those on the ruffled Right might reject Wallace's truculent view of the virtues of Richard Nixon, but the pitch of discontent is high. And if the Republicans find a place on their ticket for a Romney, a Javits, a Lindsay, a Percy, a Rockefeller, the contest will be seen in Wallaceland as no more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than a poor choice of Tweedledee or Tweedledum. How many such conservatives, totally, might rebel? In terms of a third-party presence, the figure has small meaning. The question is rather, how many rebels, in how many states?

Enter now, with Lurleen upon his arm, the Alabama gamecock, the fighting little judge, the man who—George Corley Wallace.

As Stewart Alsop recently remarked, it is hard to convey in print an accurate impression of Wallace responding to questions. I flew to Montgomery on a Wednesday evening a few weeks ago, spent several hours with Wallace Thursday morning, put in another long session with him at dinner that night, and flew with him back to Washington on Friday afternoon. It was like spending seventeen hours in the middle of a juke box. The Governor, as he still is universally known, does not converse; he falls into platform speeches —the raised arm, the clenched fist, the pointing finger, the pauses for applause. He comes at you in a fire-hose torrent of arguments, questions, assertions, refutations, digressions. He is full of a nervous stage business: standing up, sitting down, the horn-rimmed glasses on, the glasses off, lighting his cigar, licking his cigar, spitting in the wastebasket. There is never a moment of stillness. He is constantly bouncing on the ring ropes and shuffling in the corner, shadow boxing, skipping rope. For 25 years, man and boy, I have been interviewing politicians, and I have met some mighty talkers. But George Wallace is the greatest nonstop talker of them all.

We met in the mahogany-paneled governor's office in the white-columned capitol, a high-ceilinged room, beige carpet, gold draperies. The big desk exhibits family photographs, a souvenir toy cannon, the usual memorabilia of political campaigns. Two modest signs identify it as the desk of Governor Lurleen Wallace. (She happened to be up in Birmingham, speaking to the state education association.) Behind the massed flags of the United States, the State of Alabama, the late Confederacy, and the Governor's own flag, there hangs a framed crest of Alabama; two fierce eagles guard the motto: *Audemus Nostra Jura Defendere*. In a small bookcase at the side, one notes an odd assortment of volumes—*The American Legion Story, Mental Health through Christian Community,* the Tenth Annual Report of the Harvard Class of 1952, a history of the Longshoremen's Association, and a biography of Robert Burns. Beneath a superb crystal chandelier, a great glass-topped conference table reflects the accumulations of infrequent use. A color photograph of two aged Confederate veterans adorns one wall; a stunning portrait of a late eighteenth-century governor of the Mississippi Territory hangs above a fireplace.

Wallace helped a departing state senator with his coat, shook hands with two visiting schoolchildren, fetched a Coke from a small office refrigerator, and we got down to business. I sought to explain why I had come to Montgomery, because NATIONAL REVIEW thought it might be useful to seek some answers to questions and to get a few impres—

"The first thing I want to say is —and you tell this to Buckley—Buckley thinks I'm a racist, you know—is that I'm no racist. Oh, I believe in segregation all right, but I believe in segregation here in Alabama. What New York wants to do, that's New York's business. Same for Ohio. Same for Louisiana. Let them folks decide for themselves. I don't care whether the owner of a restaurant serves Negroes or doesn't serve them. His business. Just don't make him look after customers in his own place against his will.

"I never said a mean word about the Negro people, and I never will. You'd be amazed at how many friends Lurleen and I can count among the Negro voters. Why, in some of the big colored precincts of Birmingham, she polled a third of the vote and more. You look at the records. She lost Greene County by half a dozen votes—that's where that Black Panther crowd was operating —but look at Lowndes, Hale, Dallas, Marengo, Perry, Wilcox. They had federal examiners signing up every Negro in sight. There's a quarter of a million Negro voters in Alabama now, and a whole lot of them voted for Lurleen. Check for yourself.

"What are the issues going to be in 1968? What will I take to the voters? Schools, that'll be one thing. By the fall of 1968, the people in Cleveland and Chicago and Gary and St. Louis will be so God-damned sick and tired of federal interference in their local schools, they'll be ready to vote for Wallace by the thousands. The people don't like this triflin' with their children, tellin' 'em which teachers have to teach in which schools, and bussing little boys and girls half across a city just to achieve 'the proper racial mix.' That's no business of the Federal Government! Where do they find authority for that in the Constitution? Education isn't mentioned in the Constitution.

"I'll give you another big one for 1968: law and order. Crime in the streets. The people are going to be fed up with the sissy attitude of Lyndon Johnson and all the intellectual morons and theoreticians he has around him. They're fed up with a Supreme Court that—with a few exceptions—is a sorry, lousy, no-account outfit. Now, I don't mean anything against the President personally, or against the Court. I'm sure they're fine gentlemen and I don't doubt they're sincere. But they've been taken over by the intellectual morons. You can see what's happened: murder, rape, assault; and the criminals just laughin' while

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the police are crying for help. Don't you get me wrong: I'm not against probation; I was the first judge in our circuit to make use of probation. And I certainly believe in seeing that a defendant gets all the rights he has coming to him. But God dammit, the people have rights too. I'd take one of our fine members of the Supreme Court of Alabama and make him Chief Justice of the United States, and by God you'd see some changes made.

"Housing? Sure, that'll be an issue. A big one. But not so big as schools. Any time the Federal Government tries to lay down the law for people all over this country, fixing the terms and conditions on which they can sell their own homes, the Federal Government is going to have resistance on its hands. And not just in the South. Everywhere. Folks won't stand for it. And there's nothing about the sale of private housing in the Constitution either.

Vietnam?

"Vietnam? I figured you'd ask about Vietnam. Well, the first thing I want to say—and you make this clear—is that I'm not privy to all the information the President is privy to. Nobody is. Not you, nor the other editors and intellectuals and professors and senators, and that includes Senator Kennedy. Do you know that Kennedy came to Alabama just a year ago, right in the middle of the spring campaign, and said something mean about Lurleen? Do you think I'd do a thing like that in New York? He spoke at our university, and our students gave him a nice welcome, just as courteous and friendly as you please. We believe in free speech down here. We didn't have to call out the police to protect Senator Kennedy from pickets and thugs and beatniks in Tuscaloosa. But when I go up North, to those citadels of *liberalism,* them beatniks are yellin' and stompin' and rockin' the car, spitting on me, blocking the streets. I don't know what Senator Kennedy can teach our fine folks down here, but I know what we could teach 'em up there: we could teach 'em good manners.

"Vietnam? Yeah. Well, keeping in mind that I'm not privy to all the facts, and nobody else is, I think we've got to pour it on. We've got to win this war. If that means stepping up the bombing, step it up. If it means blocking off Haiphong, block her off. But there's no sense talking peace with that crowd until you've got 'em whipped. And I wouldn't put none of them Vietcong in a new government, either. First thing you know, they'd take it over. Then where'd you be?

"The United Nations? I'm not what you'd call a great UN supporter, but I'm not against the basic idea. The idea of settling disputes around a conference table is good. I've settled some that way myself—just get both sides together, and say God dammit, you settle this thing. But I am against the way the General Assembly is operating now, with the U.S. footing most of the bills, and all these little countries—Niger, Chad, Volta, you know—having the same vote as the U.S. I think they ought to change that. And the UN is interfering too much in things that it ought not to be getting into, like these sanctions on Rhodesia. How do they justify that?"

The Governor got back to Vietnam. He was reminded of how we got into this mess, a long time ago, with Lattimore, Service, all the rest of them. That was where it began, way back there. And that son-of-a-bitch Malik. Why do we always wind up doing something on terms that are advantageous to the Russians? Vietnam wasn't necessarily the wrong place to be fighting Communist aggression; if we didn't hold on in Vietnam, all of 'em might go—Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaysia — and then what of Japan and the Philippines? But he wished we could have demonstrated a will to resist Communist aggression in some place closer at hand, like Cuba.

"The first thing we ought to do now is to impress Hanoi that the American people are solidly behind this war. I respect the right of dissent all right, but anybody who undertakes to give aid to the Vietcong is engaged in treason. That's the way I see it. I'd order the Justice Department to proceed against these bastards, indict 'em, try 'em. And if any judges tried to say it isn't *legally* treason, because we aren't formally at war, I'd get some new judges. They wouldn't be judges like Earl Warren, either, who sits there and applauds the President"—here the Governor clapped his hands—"applauds him while he talks about bills the court will have to pass on.

"I tell you, we've got to stop this treason, and by God, we've stopped it in Alabama. Any Alabama student who takes the extreme line — like sending blood and money to the Vietcong, or burning his draft card, or urging our troops not to fight—we'll expel the sons-of-bitches. And that goes for any professors who want us to lose the war in Vietnam. Academic freedom! Goddam, they talk about academic fredom, and tenure, and accreditation. They got the college presidents scared to death. I'd like to fire a few of them professors for at least one day." The Governor grinned. "But I don't guess I could keep 'em fired a second day." He looked at me closely: "I'm clearer on Vietnam than Romney, aren't I?"

'Bunch of Bureaucrats'

Where was it, I asked, that he especially disapproved of the Johnson program? Well, he said, the whole God-damned proverty program was one thing, the harassment of hospitals to achieve an artificial race-mixing of the patients, the threats to withhold funds for civil defense and welfare payments and aid to education unless the *guidelines* were followed. The Federals had tried to withhold Alabama's funds for civil defense because the Governor wouldn't sign a *paper.* "I told 'em I wasn't never going to sign that sheet of paper, and they said, 'Governor, we'll just give you another 90 days,' and then they gave us another 90 days, and another 90 days, and now I don't hear from 'em any more, but we're still getting the money."

He was sick and tired of this interference in local affairs by a bunch of bureaucrats who never were satisfied with anything. They were always asking for more, and then for more, and then for more still. "But you know what we're goin' to tell them when they ask us to give 'em more in the schools of Alabama this fall? I'll tell you what we'll tell 'em: 'God dammit, *we jus' ain't.*'"

We passed on to farm policy. Wallace is not flat-out against farm subsidies, though he sees no con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stitutional authority for them; but at least the farmers have a vote on the questions. He supports massive federal aid for highway construction. He generally supports federal programs of highway safety and consumer protection. He has no objection to taking "federal money," for there's no such thing as "federal money," it's the people's money. He does object, vehemently, to the strings attached: "That's the evil in all these federal programs." The line of thought led him back to federal aid to education, and this led him, by some swift ellipsis, to Lumumba, the Congo, one-man one-vote, the lunacies of the Civil Rights Commission's proposals, and to various theoreticians and bastards who wanted to impose their own notions of morality and sociology on the people.

The Young Wallace

"The biggest domestic issue for 1968? I'll tell you. It's people—our fine American people, living their own lives, buying their own homes, educating their children, running their own farms, working the way they like to work, and not having the bureaucrats and intellectual morons trying to manage everything for them. It's a matter of trusting the people to make their own decisions. Sure, the government ought to help 'em along when they need it. I'm not against Social Security—you make that clear—Social Security is a fact of American life, and I'm all in favor of taking care of the old folks. I just don't want to see Social Security go bankrupt, that's all . . . "

What makes Wallace tick? Like Lyndon Johnson, he is in large part a product of the relative poverty from which he sprang. This is not to say that the Wallace family was dirt-poor. It wasn't. His grandfather, a doctor, was a beloved and legendary figure in Barbour County; his father, a small farmer, figured successfully in local politics; but in the Twenties, in that corner of southeast Alabama, it was hard times for everyone.

Wallace was born August 25, 1919 in Clio, a tiny cluster of frame houses, stores, and a depot on the Central of Georgia Railway line. A photograph of George in the first grade shows an appealing youngster in shabby overalls and a worn sweater. As a boy, he learned to plow. He chopped cotton (and hated it). He played as a boy on a local ball club; his mother made the team uniforms from soda sacks. He was a 95-pound halfback and a bantamweight boxer—Golden Gloves champion of his state in 1936 and 1937. He was president of his senior class, high school debater, a page in the legislature in Montgomery.

Wallace's father died a few months after George entered the University of Alabama in 1937. What had been merely middlin' hard times turned abruptly into a struggle for survival. At eighteen, young Wallace waited tables in a boarding house, worked in an NYA program shoveling coal at the central steam plant, drove a taxi, picked up a few dollars out of town in professional fights. He borrowed textbooks when he couldn't afford to buy them. In 1942, he was graduated in law. He signed up as an aviation cadet. While he was waiting to be called up, he got a job driving a dump truck for the Alabama Highway Department. The job paid 30 cents an hour for an eleven-hour day.

At about this time, Wallace began seriously courting Lurleen Burns. She had been graduated from the county high school at Tuscaloosa at fifteen, and had gone immediately to work, first in a Boy Scout office and then as a clerk in the Kress store. They were married in May of 1943, when she was sixteen. Their life for the next two years was cast in the familiar mold of the wartime marriage. George wound up in an aircraft mechanics' school. She went along from one air base to another. At Alamogordo, they lived for a while in a converted chicken coop. Then George went off to the Marianas, as a flight engineer on a B-29 flying the Tokyo run with the Twentieth Air Force Group. In January of 1945 their first child, daughter Bobbie Jo, was born. George was discharged in December of 1945. He went back to Alabama, found a job as an assistant Attorney General at $175 a month, and with his election to the legislature turned his eyes toward politics. He has seldom looked at anything but politics since.

Even his enemies acknowledge that Wallace made a brilliant record in the state legislature. He sponsored what is still known as the Wallace Industrial Act, authorizing localities to assist in the lease-back construction of plants for new industries. He fathered the Alabama Trade School Act, creating a system of vocational and technical institutes geared closely to community labor needs. Alabama's Negroes, in passing, have benefited especially from these institutions. He sponsored an anti-lottery act that reflects his own antipathy to gambling. (Wallace's only card game is an occasional hand of solitaire.) In 1948, at the Democratic National Convention, he made a considerable noise in behalf of Richard B. Russell of Georgia for Vice President.

Wallace the Raconteur

Wallace stayed in the state legislature until 1952, practicing law in Clayton, looking to the future. His was the general practice of a small-town country lawyer—wills, estates, land titles, a good deal of work as a lawyer for the defense in criminal cases. Wallace is an excellent storyteller. He draws on this period in his career for dozens of anecdotes that he delights in spinning out, Southern style, acting all the parts. He once defended a man charged with killing his wife by planting a charge of sixteen sticks of dynamite underneath her bed.

"This fellow—he was a white man—had been tom-catting around with a little girl from up at the branch-head. He had worked in a mine, and he knew just exactly how long to cut a fuse—one inch to the minute. So he cut himself about thirty feet, and while his wife was a-sleeping, he slipped off down the road to the dance hall. There he was, dancing away to the 'Wabash Cannonball,' when the whole sky lit up. There came the roof, the rafters, the bed and his wife. When she come down, she was stuffed full of feathers. Dead? I mean she was dead.

"Well, there never was any question who did it. The man come back to the house, all innocent, saying 'Lordy, what happened?' but everybody knew what had happened, and there was right strong community sentiment. They thought it was right ugly of him. So the case came on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for trial, and I thought they was going to hang him. But we brought his fourteen-year-old boy into the courtroom—he was a nice little feller—and I sat him down with us at the table. And every time the solicitor would get to working on the jury, telling 'em what an awful crime it was, I'd lean over to the boy and say, 'Sonny, he's trying to *kill* your daddy.' The boy would start cryin' and blubberin' and puttin' his arm around his father. Well, sir, we cried away all afternoon, and when it came my time to sum up, I jus' whispered to the jury: 'Please don't kill this boy's daddy.' They let him off with life."

An opportunity came along in 1952 to run for judge of the Third Judicial Circuit, and Wallace rose promptly to the occasion. Temperamentally, perhaps, it may have been a mistake. An Alabama lawyer who knew Wallace in this period remembers that "George was a good judge, fair, courteous, decisive in his rulings, but his heart wasn't in it. He's a fighter, not a referee." Nevertheless, as it turned out, the judgeship provided Wallace the platform he needed for a successful takeoff into the politics of Alabama and the larger world beyond.

All this developed during the latter part of 1958 and the first few weeks of 1959. Wallace had run for governor in 1958 on a strongly segregationist platform: "We shall continue to maintain segregation in Alabama, completely and absolutely, without violence or ill-will." In Selma, he pledged that he would use his gubernatorial powers "to close any school threatened with integration." If the federal courts tried to integrate the schools of Dallas County, "they're going to be pointing bayonets at empty schoolhouses." Unhappily for Wallace, his principal opponent, Attorney General John Patterson, impressed the voters as an even stronger segregationist (Patterson had Klan support), and Patterson benefited greatly from a wave of sympathy that resulted from the assassination of his father. In the end, Patterson won the Democratic nomination in a run-off by 65,000 votes.

In late October of 1958, a few months after his defeat at the polls, the U.S. Civil Rights Commission undertook to obtain the voting records of Barbour and Bullock Counties. As judge of the circuit, Wallace went into a five-foot-seven rage. The records were under his control; he flatly refused to give them up. In December, the Commission served a subpena on him. Wallace responded with a threat to jail any federal agents who showed up in his court house.

"The Commission is a branch of the executive department," he said. "It has absolutely no right to question my actions or my motives or the actions of any other judge or court."

When Wallace failed to appear in Montgomery for a Commission hearing on December 8, the Commission obtained a federal court order compelling him to produce the voting records. By this time, the story was attracting national attention. For the first time, Wallace began to know the exhilaration of a center-ring performance. His boyish face, still stamped with the earnest look of the high school yearbook, began to appear on TV. A freshet of encouraging letters streamed into Clayton. Wallace renewed his denunciations of the federal Commission and the federal courts. Then, in a master stroke of circumvention, he turned the voting records over to grand juries in the two counties, with instructions that they could do with the records as they pleased. He challenged U.S. District Judge Frank M. Johnson Jr. to do his worst. Johnson wrathfully cited Wallace for "disobedience and defiance amounting to criminal contempt of this court."

In the end (or so Wallace tells the tale), Johnson backed down. He found Wallace not guilty of criminal contempt, on the grounds that the grand juries themselves subsequently had permitted representatives of the Civil Rights Commission to inspect the records, but the federal court took the opportunity to censure Wallace for "devious methods" and to suggest that Wallace's whole course of conduct had been "for political purposes." It was a not implausible view. Wallace responded by describing the Republican Johnson, a former classmate in law at Alabama, as "an integrating, carpet-bagging, scalawagging, race-mixing, bald-faced liar." Seven years after the incident, Wallace still scowls at the mention of Johnson's name. Wallace is a most excellent hater.

With his six-year term as a circuit judge at an end (the judgeship passed to his brother Jack), Wallace early in 1959 returned to the practice of law and to a rebuilding of his organization for another try for governor in 1962. He spent three years traveling around the state. In the revealing description of his biographer, Wallace told his audiences "the things they wanted to hear." In his kick-off speech at Montgomery, he delivered the pledge that was to make him a national figure: He would "stand in the schoolhouse door" to prevent integration of Alabama's schools. He denounced "the Federals" at every hand. He promised "to face our enemies face to face, hip to hip, toe to toe, and never surrender." And though the race issue was at the core of his campaign, he managed to get in some effective licks on industrial development, highway construction, and general education. In the end, it was a Wallace landslide. He carried 56 of Alabama's 67 counties and won by more than 70,000 votes. In January of 1963 he was sworn in as governor.

"Today I have stood where Jefferson Davis stood, and took an oath to my people. It is very appropriate then that from this Cradle of the Confederacy, this very heart of the great Anglo-Saxon Southland, that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

today we sound the drum for freedom as have our generation of forebears before us time and again done through history. Let us rise to the call of freedom-loving blood that is in us, and send our answer to the tyranny that clanks its chains upon the South. In the name of the greatest people that have ever trod this earth, I draw the line in the dust and toss the gauntlet before the feet of tyranny, and I say: Segregation now . . . segregation tomorrow . . . and segregation forever."

Wallace v. Kennedy

Four months later, the federal courts ordered Vivian Malone and James Hood, Negroes, admitted to the University of Alabama. In the ensuing sparring match with Attorney General Kennedy, Wallace made his position secure as a major league villain or hero. He appeared on "Meet the Press." The mail poured in, and Wallace loved every particular letter. On a broiling morning in June, armed with a Presidential proclamation and a fresh order from the federal courts, Nicholas Katzenbach and a company of U.S. marshals confronted Wallace at the door to Foster Auditorium. The diminutive Wallace treated his perspiring guest to a standing oration.

"I stand here today as governor of this sovereign state, and refuse to willingly submit to illegal usurpation of power by the Central Government . . . My action does not constitute disobedience to legislative and constitutional provisions. It is not defiance for defiance's sake, but for the purpose of raising basic and fundamental constitutional questions. My action is a call for strict adherence to the Constitution of the United States as it was written—for a cessation of usurpation and abuses. My action seeks to avoid having state sovereignty sacrificed on the altar of political expediency."

Katzenbach went away, but that afternoon the President federalized the Alabama National Guard and sent Brigadier General Henry Graham and a four-man platoon to the campus. Wallace delivered another speech, this one dealing with "the trend toward military dictatorship in this country." Then he stepped away from the schoolhouse door. The two Negro students were peacefully enrolled—there are 298 Negro students at the University of Alabama today —and Wallace returned to Montgomery in what amounted to triumph. It was roses, roses, roses all the way.

The incident produced several hundred invitations for speaking engagements across the country. Congratulatory mail arrived in bags that took weeks to sort and acknowledge. In that autumn of 1963, Wallace embarked upon a series of tours to New England, the upper Midwest, the Pacific Coast. (By coincidence, in January of 1964 I myself wound up on a program with Wallace at the University of Minnesota; my assignment was to debate Roy Wilkins, which went all right, but Wallace was the whole show.) Most of his college audiences were wildly hostile. He once was hit by a picket's sign; the sign read "God Is Love." At Notre Dame, aroused students violently rocked his car.

Yet he won some ovations too, as any personable pugilist will, and he began to perfect a platform manner that embraces every effective technique of the gifted demagogue. In question-and-answer sessions, and in local TV interviews, he refined the base-stealer's art of sliding through an infielder's leg. Wallace does not exactly answer a difficult question; he hooks around it with a question of his own. At one interview in New England, he was asked to talk candidly about the problems of integration in Alabama. "First," said the Governor, "let's talk about the problems of integration in Vermont." His ordinary response to an attack upon segregation in the South is a counterattack against hypocrisy in the North. Cornering Wallace is like cornering a colt in an open field. The Governor is impervious to insult. He seems often not even to hear what his critics say. (This is almost literally true; Wallace is slightly deaf, as the result of a nearly fatal siege of spinal meningitis in 1942, and often cups a hand to his left ear.) His one rule of political combat is that the best defense is a good offense. He never stops throwing punches.

The speaking tours of the fall and winter led inevitably to the Presidential primaries of 1964. The spotlights, the cameras, the interviews, the boos, the applause, the faces before him—these were wine to his soul. Wallace does not drink; he finds his own intoxication in the crowds. As encouraging mail came flooding in, his spirits soared. The primaries lay ahead. He entered three of them, in Wisconsin on April 7, Indiana on May 5, and Maryland on May 19.

In Milwaukee, he told newsmen that if he received as many as 25,000 votes, "it will shake the eyeteeth of the national politicians." Wisconsin's Governor John W. Reynolds, who was standing in for Lyndon Johnson, scoffed at the statement. He was certain Wallace would poll well over 25,000, "but if this man gets 100,000 votes, it will be a catastrophe that would shock the nation and the world." Wallace polled 266,136 votes, or 34 per cent of those cast.

Supports Goldwater

In Indiana, Governor Matthew Welsh served as stand-in for the President. He treated Wallace with a cold contempt: "He'll say anything he thinks will get a vote." He charged Wallace with Hitlerism, and with condoning the bombing of churches and the murder of colored children. Press and pulpit joined in the assault. Wallace and his party often had to fight their way through angry mobs —but they loved him in the steel towns. As it turned out, Welsh trounced the Alabama intruder by nearly 200,000 votes, but Wallace carried every white precinct in the First District, which includes Gary, and wound up with 31 per cent of the Democratic vote.

In Maryland, the stand-in was Senator Daniel Brewster. He called Wallace a "dangerous joke," but no one laughed on election night. Wallace polled 45 per cent of the vote—211,000 against Brewster's 258,000. In the process, Wallace carried 23 counties. On the Eastern Shore, he swamped Brewster by margins of up to five to one.

Then Wallace subsided. By early June, it was apparent that Goldwater was likely to win the Republican nomination. Wallace withdrew from further contention, returned to Montgomery, and settled down to establishing a highly creditable record as governor of Alabama. Goldwater car-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ried Alabama in November by better than two to one over a slate of unpledged Democratic electors (Lyndon Johnson's name was not even on the ballot). Only Mississippi gave a larger margin to Goldwater.

To Wallace's growing dismay, the national Johnson landslide resulted not only in a liberal Democratic majority in the Congress but also in a rush toward liberalism on the part of many Republican spokesmen. Off and on, throughout 1965 and 1966, Wallace let hints drop: Unless one of the two parties demonstrated greater zeal for conservative principles of government, Wallace would undertake the job himself in 1968. He saw the need for a platform to stand on. Alabama's Constitution prohibits a governor from succeeding himself, but perhaps the Constitution could be speedily amended. When a handful of state senators defeated his succession resolution, the inspired Wallace came up with the thought of running Lurleen. She polled more votes in the May primary than all her opponents combined, and went on to an overwhelming victory over Republican James Martin last November. She lost only two counties in the state.

"And you know those state senators?" says Wallace, licking his cigar in satisfaction. "Not a one of them is back. They saw what the people would do to them and quit, or they ran and got whipped."

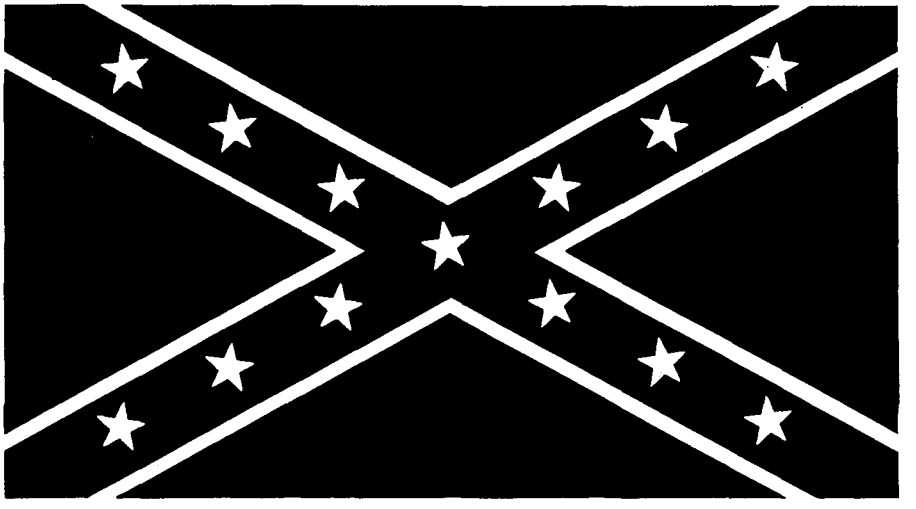
The Wallaces are known around Alabama today, for purposes of distinction, as Governor George and Governor Lurleen. George unquestionably runs the operation, but Mrs. Wallace is something more than a paper doll. In any Presidential campaign, she would rank as one of his strongest assets. She, too, was born to a poor family, attended public schools, came up the hard way, worked for a living. At forty, she is today the mother of four attractive children. Both Wallaces are teetotaling, churchgoing Methodists. No liquor ever is served in the magnificent antebellum mansion in Montgomery that Alabama provides for its governors. Twenty-four years of living with George have left Mrs. Wallace practically mute in his company. She seldom gets a word in edgewise. She is a pleasant woman—a nice smile, a nose that just misses being a pug nose, crinkly lines of middle age about her eyes. At one time she took flying lessons and enjoyed horseback riding and water skiing, but her only recreation these days is an occasional weekend of live-bait fishing for bass and bream at the Wallace cottage on Lake Martin.

On the plane flying back to Washington, when Wallace was briefly in the stern, I started to talk with Mrs. Wallace about fishing, and her schoolmarmy face lit up. Just last week, she said, for the first time in her life, she had caught a bass on worms at night. He wasn't real big, only about so big —. But then Governor George returned, hitching up his pants, and began at once to tell me how it was in Baltimore in 1964, where a bum count cost him the Maryland primary. Governor Lurleen returned submissively to gazing at the Carolina country sliding past below. I threw her a wink, to suggest that George was a caution, but it drew no response.

Talk of Wallace's political travels went on—the crowds, the applause, the ovations he had known. He had recently been in Lousiana, where the reception was overwhelming. He had been in Georgia, where a joint session of the legislature interrupted time after time with cheers. I suggested that some accounts of his state visit to Georgia, on the contrary, had suggested that Governor Maddox was cool and the Georgia House not really enthusiastic about having him. "Not a word of truth in those reports," he snapped. Governor Maddox was a good friend. The reception had been wonderful.

After a while, in a feeble effort to cultivate some small talk—I had run clean out of deep political questions —I asked Governor George about his tastes in music. As a boy, I understood, he had once played the guitar. What did he like?

He rolled it over for political effect. He was plainly indifferent. "Oh, you can put it down that I like almost any kind of music. Country music, that's the best. You know the Grand Ole Opry?" I said I did. "Well, sir, those Grand Ole Opry fans, they really are for Wallace." Leaning back on his chair, chewing on his thick cigar, he contemplated those Wallace votes with smiling satisfaction. And I went back to the stern myself.



Specifically, what are Wallace's plans for 1968? He remains unsure himself. Where he sees a reasonable opportunity to make a good showing, and to get some national exposure, he may enter Presidential primaries. In some cases, as Nebraska, where a candidate's consent is not required to get him on a primary ballot, he may not be able to stay out. But the probabilities, at this writing, are that Wallace will make his bid in November of 1968 on an out-and-out third party ticket. There has been some talk of a national convention in Birmingham in the late summer of next year. The names of a few potential running mates have been discussed, but Wallace will not identify them. His incipient party has no name. "Maybe we'll just call it the Wallace Party," he grins. The slogan will be, "Stand Up for Ameri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ca," and it is possible that the slogan, long as it is, may also become the party name. "We'd be the Stand-Uppers," says the Governor. He fingers his coat lapel where the button will go. "Just 'Stand Up!' That's what we'd put on the button."

If many of the specifics remain uncertain, a good deal of groundwork is now being laid. All the encouraging letters of the past four years have been carefully preserved; they are filed by states, and alphabetically by towns and counties within states. They fill up a roomful of filing cabinets; there must be a million of them. From these letters, together with contacts developed during his speaking tours, Wallace's staff will put together campaign committees state by state.

Presidential campaign headquarters was opened on March 15 in a suite of rooms on the ground floor of Montgomery's "10 High" Building, at Court and High Streets. The address is Post Office Box 1968. Bill Jones, who served as Wallace's executive assistant during the expeditionary forays of 1963 and 1964, has started assembling an office staff. About a dozen persons will be hired at the outset; more will be added as the pace quickens. Jones is a balding, comfortable old pro, with a respectable background in Alabama newspapering and public relations work. His flattering biography of the Governor, *The Wallace Story* (American Southern Publishing Company, Northport, Ala., $5), appeared early this year.

Other top staffers include Seymour Trammell, Alabama's finance director, and his assistant Richard Stone. They will be charged primarily with raising money for the Wallace campaign. Wallace himself appears to have no realistic idea of what this represents. He recalls cheerfully that in 1964, more than $320,000 came over the transom. Every day's mail brings an increasing array of cash and checks. If any big contributors are in sight (the name of Texas tycoon H.L. Hunt has often been mentioned), Wallace will not discuss them. "The people will provide."

Earl Morgan, district attorney of Jefferson County; Cecil Jackson, executive secretary within the Governor's office and Press Secretary Jack House also will figure in the campaign organization. Attorneys Eli Howell and John de Carlo are charged with getting him on the ballots of the several states. All of them are Alabamians; none of them has experience on a national level. "We'll learn," says a confidential Wallace. "There's nothing all that complicated about it. Anyhow, Southerners are as smart as anyone else. Smarter in some ways."

Campaign in Low Gear

Thus far, the Wallace headquarters has no material for public distribution—no buttons, brochures, bumper stickers, or the like. The office letterhead reads simply, "The Wallace Campaign." The throw-away stuff will come later. For the next few months, Wallace proposes to stay in the public view through magazine articles, TV interviews, and speaking engagements. Stewart Alsop has done a one-pager for the *Saturday Evening Post*; the Evans-Novak team is doing a major piece for *Look*; the Governor's outer office remains a grove of TV tripods. More than a thousand invitations to speak are on hand. A random sample of recent invitations include bids from the University of Michigan, the University of Dubuque, MIT, Harvard, the San Bernardino Young Republicans, the Hartford Reserve Officers Association, the Bosses Night Banquet in Quincy, Fla., the Georgia State Jaycee Convention, Parents Day at Rose Polytechnic Institute in Terre Haute, and the High Twelve Club of Oak Park, Ill. In the nature of things, Wallace will pick and choose.

During the course of our first session, I put the blunt question to the Governor: What do you expect to accomplish if you run for President in 1968? He never hesitated. "I expect to win," he said. And he launched into a drum-fire lecture on the mathematics of the plurality.

"Suppose it's Johnson against Romney in, say Indiana, and we go in there with an all-out campaign. We'd go straight to the heart of the people —the clerks, the cops, the barbers, the factory workers, to everybody who owns his home and has children and works with his hands. Sure, the newspaper editors would be against us, but that doesn't matter. They've been against me in Alabama, but the people were for me. The moron intellectuals and the theoreticians are so far from the people they never even see 'em. And suppose Johnson got 33 per cent of the vote and Romney got 33 per cent of the vote. I could win Indiana with 34 per cent, and man, I got 31 per cent three years ago. What's true of Indiana is true of a lot of other states."

I was about to remark that the Governor had his percentages wrong —he got 31 per cent of the Democratic vote in Indiana's Presidential primary in 1964, but less than 19 per cent of the 908,000 votes that were cast in the combined Democratic and Republican trials (Goldwater got 25 per cent, Governor Welsh 40 per cent and Stassen the rest), but the Governor was in no mood for mathematical distractions. His brown eyes were afire:

"There ain't no question of my sweeping the South. Oh, I know; I read what you wrote in Richmond about me getting nowhere in Virginia. You wait and see. And North Carolina! Why, North Carolina's going to be my strongest state. Everytime I go to North Carolina, they give us ovations. South Carolina would go for Wallace in a breeze. Georgia, too. I'd have trouble in Miami, but the rest of Florida is Wallace country. You can guess for yourself about Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. I'd win going away in Arkansas. I can win in Texas. Don't forget Maryland. If they hadn't 'recapitulated' the Baltimore vote, I would have won it."

By my fast count, the Governor had dreamed up 140 electoral votes already. His hot vision turned toward distant California. "You know, we've had more mail from California than from any other state. Must be 50,000 letters in the California file. Sure I understand it may take a million signatures to get on the ballot, but if every one of them good folks would just go out and get twenty or 25 signatures, we'd have it made."

He was up to 180 votes now, and the cigar was going like a furnace. Ohio would carry him past 200. "If you have the time, just you look at the mail we get from Cleveland, Akron, Dayton, Columbus, Toledo." He remembered a recent radio poll in Tacoma, Washington, in which the listeners had been asked to telephone their choices for President. Wallace

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had wound up in second place, just seven votes behind Robert Kennedy, with Nixon third and Johnson fourth. What about that? Washington reminded him of Oregon—and then a shadow crossed his brow. When Lurleen was running, in the gubernatorial primary last year, Oregon's Edith Green had said something lowdown about Lurleen; Mrs. Green didn't think Lurleen was qualified. Well, he had asked the people of Alabama whether they were going to listen to anyone from Or-e-gon. The kind of judgment they had out there, they send that punk Wayne Morse to the Senate. The crowds, he said, seemed to like that just fine.

In the White House?

The prospect that George Corley Wallace ever will occupy the White House seems to be absurd; it is not to be considered. The last Alabamian to be mentioned for the Presidency achieved some fame in 1924, but Oscar W. Underwood never got much beyond the 24 convention votes of Alabama. In my own view, the realistic prospect is that Wallace could claim the electoral votes of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and South Carolina against any Republican nominee. The loss of these states surely would hurt the Republican cause. If the GOP nominee were Nixon, the Wallace movement, in terms of electoral votes, probably would stop right there. If the nominee were Romney, Percy or Rockefeller, a despairing protest vote might give Wallace a plurality in Georgia, North Carolina and Virginia, and thus deliver them into his column. Florida and Arkansas, in this contingency, would be close.

Yet it is entirely possible, to hark back to the Henry Wallace race of 1948, that George Wallace in 1968 might do almost as much damage to the candidacy of Lyndon Johnson in the East and upper Midwest. In the lower income white wards of the great cities, and among ethnic blocs of European extraction, he could exert a surprising pull on voters who ordinarily go Democratic.

The Governor's appeal ought not to be taken lightly. He may affect bad grammar; he may sprinkle his speech with goddamns; he may spit in the wastebasket; he may spend his spare time, what little he has, looking at the television or fishing if the fish are really biting. When it comes to architecture, music, art, sculpture, gourmet foods, the Governor is out of it. He cares nothing for sports, books, the dance, the drama. He is a cultural Moon Mullins. But if one asks the name of such Americans, their name is legion for they are many. Wallace will take to the stump as the truck driver who married his dime-store sweetheart. He is the poor farm boy who made it to the top—six years on the bench, four years as governor—by sheer grit and gut appeals. He is an adept speaker with a quick sense of humor, and he is not afraid to turn that humor on himself. (He once apologized to a group of visiting editors for returning late from an out-of-town trip: "Sorry, gentlemen, but I've been demagoguing down in Louisiana.") His conservatism may lack intellectual depth, but it makes up for any absence of philosophy in the hard-driving ring of a salesman's conviction. In 1968, Wallace once again could be telling a lot of people "what they want to hear." He's itching to go.

I put the question to Grover C. Hall Jr., who served for many years as editor of the *Montgomery Advertiser*. He's now in Richmond. Hall knows Wallace as well as any newsman alive. "What makes Wallace run?" I asked him.

"God dammit," said Grover, "what makes the mockingbird fly? The mockingbird is the brassiest, sassiest, fightingest bird in the garden. He'll take on anything twice his size. He'll drive a bluejay crazy just for the hell of it. Nothing scares him. He's absolutely dauntless. He makes the rest of them look like sparrows. Well, God made the mockingbird. And God made Wallace, too."

Reprints of this article will be available at the following special prices:

Single copy	**25¢**
5 copies	**$ 1.00**
100 copies	**$20.00**

Write direct to *Dept. R*, National Review, 150 East 35 Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Recessional

We don't bring Dervishes to heel,
Or Fuzzy-Wuzzies, anymore.
The Foreign Office fellows feel
Blockading Cuba is a bore.
But when Rhodesians secede,
We will not smoke their bloody weed.

Our admirals are in decline;
Reluctantly, the armies bow.
Dominion over palm and pine
Is frightfully expensive, now.
But when Rhodesians opt out,
The bloomin' queen begins to shout.

The captains and the kings depart;
The court's affecting corduroy.
An humble and a contrite heart
Is only fitting—toward Hanoi.
But when insurgencies are white,
A Briton's honor-bound to fight.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOAN ZOLA

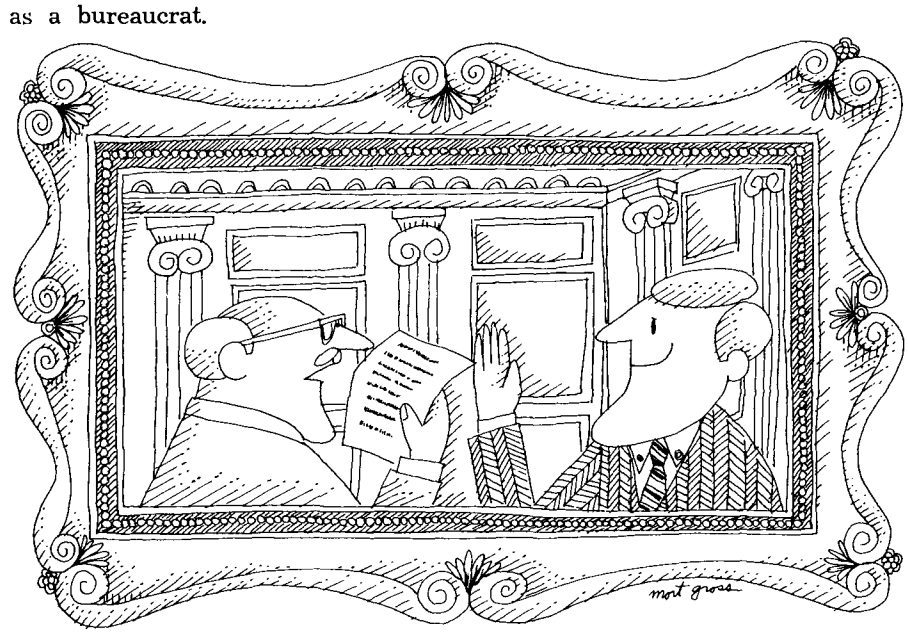
Portrait of a Bureaucrat

I

Harold found himself in the federal civil service at an early age. He was attracted to government work for a variety of reasons: he was out of school and in need of a job; he had heard of the advantages of federal service: good pay, liberal vacations, sick leave and pensions, and the impossibility of getting fired. Another reason was that Harold was overcome with the idealism of youth and longed to Do Something—short of joining the Peace Corps or the Army—to serve his country. His idealism was nourished by the films and pep talks he was exposed to during the orientation program provided by the Agency which hired him. Spiritually fortified, he began his apprenticeship as a bureaucrat.

II

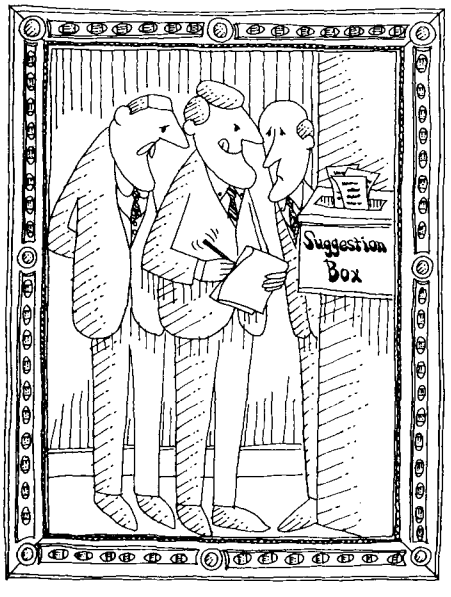
One of the first things he had to learn in his new job was how to write Federal English. Harold had never been good at ordinary English, but he *had* learned to never split an infinitive. He never did, either, when he could recognize one, but he soon learned that the opposite rule applies in Federal English. He also learned to use vague subjects and passive verbs exclusively ("it is regretted"), and to avoid committing himself or his office by any kind of definite statement. Soon he was able to write, "Files in this office do not appear to indicate that the document requested by you is available at this time."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III

Once he had learned to write, Harold was inspired to submit a Suggestion. He had been deluged with posters, pamphlets and films put out by the Suggestion Committee in its missionary zeal for gathering "fresh, cost-saving ideas." He had shrewdly observed that much of the work done by his office could be done more efficiently and by fewer people if it were transferred to another office already doing similar work. His carefully worded suggestion to that effect was returned to him with the following note: "Your suggestion has been carefully reviewed. It is wondered if it is realized by you that, if said suggestion were adopted, the possibility might be considered by higher levels that the entire workload of your office, and indeed of this whole division, given sufficient organizational restructuring, could be phased out or eliminated altogether. It is suggested that this suggestion be burned." Harold is no fool. His next suggestion read: "Due to increase in volume of top-level work performed by this office and the inadequacy of present facilities, it is suggested that provision be made to provide this office with one additional technician, two clerk-typists and a Xerox machine." It was approved.



IV

Harold advanced rapidly in his career, due largely to his ability to get along with everybody and his earnest desire to do everything that was expected of him. He gave dimes to the Sunshine Fund, dollars to the United Crusade, and a sizable paycheck deduction to purchase savings bonds. One year, when all employees were required to state clearly on an IBM card whether they *would* or *would not* be patriotic and personally support the President by buying savings bonds, Harold was happy to choose the first alternative. He was glad to know that he had contributed not only to the President, but to the "I - Got - One - Hundred - Per - Cent - Participation - In - My - Division" pin received by the Bond Chairman and the Excellent Participation flag which the Agency was entitled to fly on its roof.

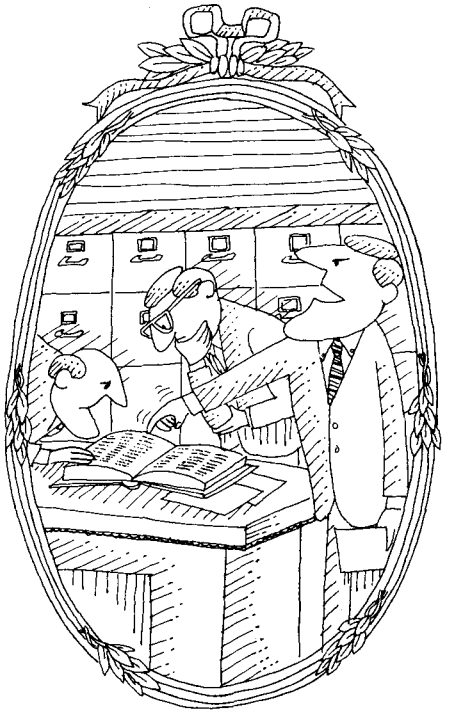
V

Harold soon learned that the acquisition of status symbols is vitally important to bureaucrats, since they do not possess titles or decorations to distinguish them from one another. He began to acquire a few symbols of his own. He could tell by a glance at a man's office how Far Up he was: by the carpet, or lack of it; the presence or absence of filing cabinet, bookcase, couch; whether the desk was of wood or metal. Sometimes he found himself, while in a colleague's office, craning his neck to observe whether *his* adding machine was new. He was sure his own adding machine was second-hand, and he knew that it was by such subtle refinements on the status system that the progress of careers was charted. He began to feel more confident when he acquired a private secretary, and knew he had arrived when she started to get her own status symbols. Soon he was the only man in his division whose secretary had a powder-blue Princess phone *and* a white electric typewriter with pink keys.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VI

Harold also acquired a reputation for doing everything the right way. He had a deep and thorough knowledge of the Manual of Administrative Procedures, and could quote provisions which no one else knew existed. He had been known to go to lengths in straightening out a two-cent accounting discrepancy reported by the Agency's field office in Yakima. It cost the Agency somewhat more than that in man-hours, paper and postage and there were mild protests, but Harold was firm. "I don't care how much it costs," he declared, "it's the principle of the thing. If we don't treat two-cent items according to the Manual, pretty soon we'll be letting two-dollar errors get by, and where will it all end?" Where indeed?



VII

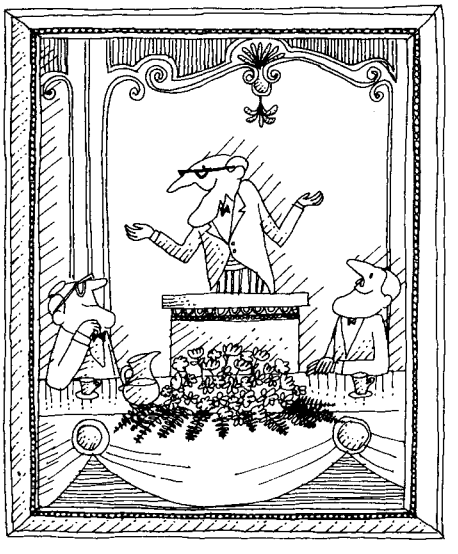
Once, though, he nearly went too far, and in his zeal for righteousness he antagonized the chief of an office with somewhat more prestige than his own. The chief wanted to eliminate the eleventh copy of all correspondence, which Harold had recently made mandatory. Harold, pale with anger, almost raised his voice. "Section 10018 (a) (2) (C) of the Manual *requires* an eleventh copy," he protested. "It was never required before because no one, including you, ever read that far in the Manual!" This outburst resulted in a fall from favor, and the bookcase and pencil sharpener were promptly removed from his office. It was some time before he could smooth things over, but eventually a new filing cabinet appeared where the bookcase had been. However, he still had to go down the hall to sharpen his pencils.

VIII

After many long and faithful years with his Agency, Harold began to think about retirement. He knew, of course, that his pension would be based on the earnings of his peak years, and that with automatic in-grade raises and pay raises voted by Congress, each year's earnings would be higher than the last. It therefore behooved him to stay as long as possible, to obtain a still higher pension. One year the crafty Civil Service Commission tried to dupe people into retiring by providing a cash incentive to those retiring before the end of the year. They called it the "Getting Rid of the Dead Wood Program." Harold was not taken in. *He* could hardly be called dead wood—in fact, as he often remarked to his wife, "I just don't know how they'd get along without me."

IX

He didn't manage to stay quite as long as he had planned, and it was really his own fault. He had been told, many years ago, to burn that rash proposal he had made to abolish part of his own work. However, like any true bureaucrat, Harold could not bring himself to destroy something typed on paper—so he filed it. It was eventually discovered by one of those cold-blooded inhumane opportunists who seek ways of cutting costs regardless of the human consequences. He carried the suggestion further than Harold had, and the top Management Committee of the Agency, convinced, proceeded to abolish Harold's whole division (he was now Director), in the name of efficiency. It was a blow, but the $10,000 a year pension consoled him somewhat. He was praised warmly for his many years of service to his Agency and written up in the Agency newspaper. But as he himself put it at his retirement luncheon, so wisely and so well, "This expression of your esteem is greatly appreciated but, well, all that was done by me, well, really it was nothing."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Medicare

Foretaste of 1984?

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

My wife and I have been engaged in an eight-month tussle, so far futile, with the Cambridge, Massachusetts office of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to obtain the certificates for Medicare to which we are entitled by age, and by the heavy contributions levied by the Social Security system. We hope that no illness, in which Medicare may or may not aid us, will cause as much mental anguish and frustration as the mare's nest of obstructive bureaucracy we have encountered.

I have always been opposed to Medicare and would have voted against it had I been a member of Congress. Twelve years of residence in the Soviet Union, a briefer close-up of socialized medicine in Great Britain ("subsidized hypochondria," a caustic British friend calls it) and various brushes with the ever-expanding brands of United States bureaucracy have implanted in me one firm conviction. That is that, whatever government may undertake, it will be done more incompetently, more wastefully, and more expensively than private initiative attempting to solve the same problem. I would have leaped at the chance to contract out of social security. But of course I had no such option. Medicare had become the law of the land, as everyone knew who received a salary check and noted the much larger bite for Social Security. To acquire Medicare seemed deceptively easy. Everyone who had passed the age of 65 was entitled to its benefits. So in March 1966 we duly applied for it.

In our innocence we thought the only further step would be reasonable presentation of proof of age. We were never more mistaken in our lives. The first hint of troubles to come was the arrival of two bulging envelopes, with what we came to view as the dire initials HEW. These contained enormously long questionnaires, full of impertinent and irrelevant inquiries about income and other subjects which had no bearing on our eligibility. We filled out the questionnaires and waited for something to happen. Nothing did.

Finally, on the eve of leaving for a European trip at the end of July, my wife, knowing my low boiling point in dealing with bureaucrats, decided to beard the HEW dragons-in their den. This proved to be a handsome new building, staffed with a horde of witless bureaucrats maintained at taxpayers' expense but apparently regarding as their first duty to obstruct, delay, harass and torment these same taxpayers in connection with their applications for Medicare.

How Prove One's Age?

Neither my wife nor I had birth certificates handy. In fact my wife's was hopelessly lost, as she was born in Elizavetgrad, Russia before the Revolution. And, like most Americans, I suspect, especially those who have often changed residence, mine had been lost, if I ever possessed one. However, my wife took with her full proof of our ages, to any reasonable mind: sworn statements inscribed on our passports. She had not reckoned with the stonewall obstructionism she was to meet. A female bureaucrat (Desk 5) brushed aside the passports, also the equally convincing evidence that we had proofs of graduation, I from Haverford College, she from Hunter College, at dates which clearly placed us in the over-65 group. No, we must write to the Board of Elections to ascertain when we first voted in Cambridge. What this had to do with our ages was obscure, but we did as were bid and left for Europe.

We returned to find no Medicare, but three or four more bulging envelopes with repetitious questionnaires. Evidently the HEW motto is: When in doubt, mail a questionnaire or, better, two or three. Wearily and weeks later my wife went again to HEW, to run up against a male bureaucrat (Desk 10). He immediately repudiated everything Desk 5 had told her. He demanded that I produce a certificate from the Board of Health in Brooklyn and that my wife get some document from Washington Irving High School, from which she was graduated.

A letter to the Board of Health produced another questionnaire, and a prospect of indefinite further delay. Then came the cream of the bureaucratic jest. When both of us had been caught in the flypaper of outside red tape I received a form letter under the signature of the District Manager of HEW with the ominous warning:

"If we do not hear from you within ten days we will send your claim to the payment center with a recommendation that it be disallowed." Eight months of inexcusable delay by HEW; then a threat to disallow a claim that had been entangled deeper and deeper in bureaucratic red tape. Some heated representations over the telephone brought a grudging repudiation of the letter, with the admission that the District Manager did not know what was being sent out over his signature.

By a miracle the Board of Health produced a certified copy of my birth certificate with a delay of only two weeks. As for my wife, she is still in a bureaucratic "dark tarn of Auber, in the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir." Do I now hold a Medicare certificate? Yes. I received it exactly ten months after I first made application for it.

To end on a constructive note, I would briefly suggest the following simple procedural changes, which would make an application for Medicare less of a prelude to 1984 than it is at present.

1) Make a huge bonfire of the questionnaires and form letters that must have made a heavy drain on the nation's paper supply.

2) Substitute for the staggering array of useless questions a simple request for reasonable proof of age.

3) Insist, on pain of disciplinary sanctions, that every application be settled within a reasonable time.

4) Instill in employees of the Department, if possible, a higher sense of intelligence and compassion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Report

Peking's Defectors Abroad

L. M. TAUBINGER

As the Chinese "cultural revolution" and the purge it entails grow in intensity, the Chinese Foreign Ministry has grounds to fear that many of its men in posts abroad may decide not to return to China. The possibility of such desertions has grown since the Red Guard started to attack Chen Yi, Mao's Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The men in Peking's missions abroad most likely to defect are, of course, those who if still in China would be in danger from the purge. For example, men with academic background, those who might have been friends of one of the denounced men, or those trained in the West.

It is normal for a Chinese ambassador to spend much more than two years in one post, but in December 1965 three ambassadors to Eastern Europe were suddenly recalled. Wang Kuo-chuan was summoned home after just over two and a half years in Poland; Liu Fang was brought back from Rumania, where he had stayed less than two years; and Lo Ski-kao left Tirana and has not returned. (Liu Fang, an oil expert rather than a diplomat, may have failed to impress his hosts with his country's fuel needs.) China's ambassador in Bern, Li Ching-chuan, was recalled last year after the Swiss police arrested some people involved in espionage for the Chinese embassy. His post is still open, which leaves China's biggest embassy in Western Europe headed by a chargé d'affaires.

Many Chinese students abroad were called home last summer before the completion of their courses. Of seventeen language students and three postgraduate scientists who were withdrawn from Britain, only one had finished his course. It is unusual for China thus to waste expensive training for her scientists abroad, although it is possible that such students might fear to be scorned at home for their Western training. The changing political climate in the home country has, of course, determined many decisions to defect. Last July, a Chinese trade official, Miao Chen-pai, defected in Damascus. A skilled naval technician as well as a scholar in Arabic studies, Miao comes from a "bourgeois background"—his parents were middle-school teachers—which could be a severe handicap nowadays.

Defections, however, are an old story to the Red Chinese. Here are some of the more prominent cases that have occurred in recent years:

Two years ago a diplomat, Tung Chi-ping, defected the day after his arrival at a new post in Burundi. He made his way to the U.S. Embassy, where he told a story of disenchantment with the Peking regime, and of the lack of personal freedom in China.

A few months before, in the spring of 1964, a Chinese engineer working on the Katmandu-Lhasa road defected in Nepal. His grievance was Chinese Communist subversion abroad. The Katmandu road project, he said, was a military operation, and construction was being used as a cover for spies and political agents.

When Out, How Stay Out?

In October 1963 there occurred the curious case of Chou Hung-ching, an interpreter with a Chinese oil-hydraulics mission to Tokyo. Chou was so confused that he first tried to defect to the Soviet Union, eventually deciding to go home to China. Just before this, the second secretary to the Chinese diplomatic mission in London, Chou Hsiang-pou, had defected in Leningrad on his way back to Peking. This suggests that for some it is the Chinese brand of Communism that is particularly intolerable.

A security officer at the Chinese mission in Stockholm, Chao Fu, defected in 1962 and went to West Germany. He complained of food shortages in China, of restrictions of freedom, and other failures to meet the needs of the people.

Professor Wang Min-chuan, sent from China to teach languages in Baghdad, Iraq, sought asylum in Greece in 1961, having made his escape from a plane which was refueling when he was supposed to be on his way back to China. Apparently Wang's political background and record were not impeccable; he had been called back on leave, and defected. Perhaps the most startling case of defection is that of the Chinese General Zu Lung Tai Yeh Fu, deputy Chief of Staff of the Sinkiang military region. He is now known as Major General Zunun Taipov and is being used by the Russians for propaganda in Kazakhstan, the largest of the Soviet Republics adjoining Sinkiang. There he is chiefly concerned with the Muslims living under Chinese rule, who are themselves notable defectors. The people of the Chinese province of Sinkiang, which borders the Russian Central Asian republics, have long felt their identity as a national minority was not respected by the Chinese, and in 1962 thousands of local people crossed the border to Russia where they felt they would be better treated.

And then there is the mysterious case of the Chinese engineer who died of injuries in Holland in July. Many observers believe this may have been an attempted defection. Hsu Tzu-tsai, who was with a group of engineers attending a conference on welding techniques, was found lying outside the Chinese hostel, severely injured. He had fallen from a second-floor window. While waiting for treatment in the hospital to which the Dutch authorities took him, he was abducted by Chinese officials, who reportedly bundled him into a car and drove him away, sitting on his legs. He died on July 18.

Another incident last March involved a Chinese engineer, Huang Tao-yuan, with the Dutch immigration authorities. His colleagues forced him to leave Holland.

Such episodes illustrate the point, which all potential defectors must bear in mind, that once outside Red China, it becomes a task to stay out. This is true even of defectors once removed. Many overseas Chinese who left Indonesia because of the anti-Chinese feeling following upon last October's abortive Communist coup, have chosen to return, not to Communist China, but to the Portuguese territory of Macao, where they may find themselves among those mainland refugees being repatriated by Portuguese authorities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death of a President

A Dissent

JOHN BRENNAN

It must be apparent to everyone by now that the official report of the assassination satisfies no one and raises more issues than it resolves. Who is there in the United States who is content with the report except President Johnson?

The concerned public of this country and citizens of all states all over the world must therefore be really and truly grateful to Attorney Check Street for his provocative *Push to Prejudice,* which forcefully suggests alternative theories of the assassination and casts scads of doubt on the official report. As such, it will undoubtedly receive the applause of high-minded liberals throughout the globe who have not been satisfied with what the government laughingly terms "the plain facts." It is worthwhile here to review some of the government's main points and the objections Attorney Street raises.

Witness' Death Suspicious

Government: The assassination was committed by a man who had tried to abjure his allegiance to the United States and who had recently spent considerable time in the territory of those opposed to the government of the United States.

Atty. Street: Mr. Booth was an actor whose career, even in time of war, brought him below the Mason-Dixon Line but as an artist he did not recognize the mundane world of politics and considered territorial boundaries mere lines drawn on a map.

Gov.: Mr. Booth shot the President from behind with a Derringer pistol.

Atty. Street: There is no evidence that Mr. Booth shot the President from behind but there is a great deal of evidence pointing to Mr. Booth's attempted rescue of the President. Sources, whom I am unwilling to reveal at the moment, have indicated to me that the President, temporarily unbalanced by the strain of the war, chose the Ford Theater as the place where he would commit suicide. Mr. Lincoln, who was known for the length of his arms, would not have found it difficult to remove a Derringer from under his shawl, coil his extremely long arm up behind his head, and pull the trigger. Mr. Booth, who had feared the President was about to commit suicide, arrived at the box just a moment too late.

Gov.: Mr. Booth slew the President and then stabbed Major Rathbone, who was a guest in the box.

Atty. Street: I had hoped to avoid mentioning my next theory but it is entirely possible Mrs. Lincoln shot the President. There is a good deal of evidence she didn't want to see the play. She had motive and opportunity and her mental condition since the assassination, as well as prior to it, can only be described as delicate. Mr. Booth, warned of the impending murder by sources I cannot now reveal, hurried to the box and arrived just as the fatal shot was fired. He wrested the gun from Mrs. Lincoln and then saw Major Rathbone attempting to stab himself to death in the manner of a noble Roman. He was prevented from doing this by the speedy action of Mr. Booth. Later, Major Rathbone, unwilling to admit what he had seen, blamed the murder on the unfortunate Mr. Booth.

Gov.: The assassination took place in plain sight of the audience who not only heard Booth shoot the President but saw Booth, brandishing a dagger, leap to the stage shouting "Sic Semper Tyrannis!"

Atty. Street: The government is wrong on a number of points in this instance. In the first place, the audience was watching the play, not Mr. Lincoln. Secondly, the sound of laughter effectively drowned out the sound of the shot. Thirdly, Lemuel Spevins, an Ohio harnessmaker, says he saw a puff of smoke from the box opposite Lincoln's at the exact moment he was shot. Mr. Spevins, incidentally, was not called by the government investigators and has since died mysteriously, being found dead in his harness shop three days after celebrating his eighty-third birthday. This evidence of Spevins' lends weight to a report, the source of which I cannot divulge at the moment, that a bearded Tennessee rifleman was seen hurrying down the back stairs of the theater immediately following the slaying. We must ask ourselves, however reluctantly, if he was not sent there by the then Vice President to commit the dastardly deed.

Gov.: Mr. Lincoln was shot in the back of the head. It would be impossible for a rifleman, directly opposite him, to shoot him other than in the front of the head.

Atty. Street: Objection! I have in my possession a metal fixture taken from the rear wall of the Presidential box. It has a peculiar mark on it, strikingly similar to that made by a bullet. I believe a Tennessee rifleman aimed for the fixture deliberately, fired, and caused the bullet to ricochet at the President. A fantastic carom shot for an ordinary marksman but not too unusual for a Tennessean.

Victim of Witch-Hunt

Gov.: Mr. Booth leaped to the stage shouting "Sic Semper Tyrannis!"

Atty. Street: Which proves my point all the more. After successfully halting Major Rathbone from stabbing himself to death, Mr. Booth leaped from the box, Rathbone's dagger in hand, determined to rush across the theater and exact bloody vengeance on the marksman he saw kill Lincoln. He broke his ankle, and, realizing he could pursue no more, brandished the knife high and shouted "Sic Semper Tyrannis!" not at the unfortunate President but at those who had murdered him for political gain.

Gov.: Mr. Booth was pursued by government forces and eventually shot to death.

Atty. Street: I daresay if Booth had lived to go to trial I would have won an acquittal for him but, according to sources I dare not reveal, Booth was slain because it was in the interest of too many important people. He was the victim of a hysterical witch-hunt merely because he was thought to be a sympathizer of those opposed to reaction.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Coming Crisis in Welfare

The author objects to Milton Friedman's negative income tax on two grounds. It won't end up as a substitute for welfare, and it's morally wrong

HENRY HAZLITT

The Negative Income Tax as proposed by Prof. Milton Friedman is essentially, with one modification, just one more form of the guaranteed annual income. So before discussing Prof. Friedman's defense of his specific proposal (*NR,* March 7), let us begin by summing up the general case against the guaranteed income.

In the words of Mr. Robert Theobald, one of its principal sponsors, this proposal "would guarantee to every citizen of the United States . . . the right to an income from the Federal Government to enable him to live with dignity." This guarantee would be unconditional. Everybody would get it, regardless of whether or not he worked, could work, or was willing to work.

The recipients are to continue to get this guaranteed income, let me emphasize, not only if they resolutely refuse to seek or take a job, but if they throw the handout money away at the races, or spend it on prostitutes, or whisky, marijuana, or whatnot. They are to be given "sufficient to live in dignity," and it is apparently to be no business of the taxpayers if the recipient chooses nonetheless to live without dignity, and to devote his guaranteed leisure to gambling, dissipation, drunkenness, dope addiction, or a life of crime.

The first thing to be said about this scheme economically is that if it were put into effect it would not only be intolerably expensive to the taxpayers who were forced to support it, but that it would destroy the incentives to work and to produce on an unparalleled scale.

As even one of the contributors to Mr. Theobald's symposium, William Vogt, has remarked: "Those who believe that men will want to work whether they have to or not seem to have lived sheltered lives."

Who, in fact, would be willing to take the smelly jobs, or any low-paid job, once the guaranteed income program is in effect? The guaranteed-income sponsors propose to pay, say, $3,000 to a family without any income, but to families earning some income they would pay merely the supplementary sum necessary to bring the total up to $3,000.

Now suppose that you are a married man with two children, and your present income from some nasty and irregular work is $2,500 a year. The government would then send you a check for $500. But it would very soon occur to you that though you now had $3,000, you could have got this $3,000 without doing any work at all.

The scheme is not only economically but morally indefensible. If "*everybody* should receive a guaranteed income as a matter of right" (the words just quoted are Mr. Theobald's), who is to pay him that income?

No Free Lunch

The truth is, of course, that the government has nothing to give to anybody that it doesn't first take from someone else. The whole guaranteed income proposal is a perfect modern example of the shrewd observation of the French economist Bastiat more than a century ago: "The state is the great fiction by which everybody tries to live at the expense of everybody else."

If you claim a "right" to "an income sufficient to live in dignity," whether you are willing to work or not, what you are really claiming is a right to part of *somebody else's* earned income. What you are asserting is that this other person has a duty to earn more than he needs or wants to live on so that the surplus may be seized from him and turned over to you to live on.

This is an absolutely immoral proposition.

The negative income tax (a misnomer for an income subsidy) suffers from most of the economic, political and moral vices of the guaranteed income. But it does have one important advantage over the guaranteed-income proposal in its cruder form: at least it would not destroy the incentive to work and produce to the same appalling extent.

Under the negative income tax, a man or a family would receive from the government a subsidy of 50 per cent, say, of the amount by which the family income fell below the so-called poverty-line income—let us say $3,000 a year. This means that if the family had no income at all it would receive a subsidy of $1,500. If it already had an earned income of $1,500, it would receive a government subsidy of $750, and so on.

Prof. Friedman, the distinguished author of this proposal, admits that, "like any other measures to alleviate poverty," his proposal would reduce "the incentives of those helped to help themselves"; but he goes on to argue, quite correctly, that it would not eliminate that incentive entirely, as the system of supplementing incomes up to some fixed minimum would. Under his plan an extra dollar earned would always mean more money available for expenditure.

I agree entirely that a subsidy calculated in this way—that is, one that would be reduced by only $1 for every $2 additional that the recipient was able to earn for himself—would not be nearly so destructive of incentives as the type of subsidy under which it would be pointless for the recipient to earn more on his own account.

In fact, some thirty years ago I put forward a similar proposal myself in an article in the *Annalist,* a weekly then published by the *New York Times.* What I suggested was a relief payment that would be reduced by only $1 for every $2 of self-earnings by the relief recipient.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But this device solves only a marginal problem.

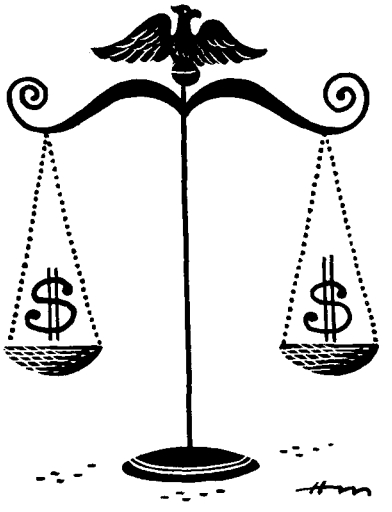
The negative income tax of Prof. Friedman, as put forward in 1962 in his book *Capitalism and Freedom*, was a comparatively modest proposal. He suggested that if a man had no income at all, he would receive a basic subsidy of $300. Once this idea got into practical politics, however, this basic sum would soon be denounced as utterly inadequate to allow a family of four to live in "decency and dignity." In fact, the humanitarian reformers would soon be demanding a basic subsidy of $3,000 or $4,000 to a family otherwise without income, and we would be back to the same starting point as the guaranteed income scheme.

Only—except for the fact that it would not destroy incentives as much—it would be even more expensive than the guaranteed income; because under it substantial subsidies would continue to be paid to people who were earning incomes of their own. If the basic subsidy to a family of no income were $3,000, families would continue to get some government subsidy until their incomes reached $6,000 a year!

Instead of a rigid ceiling, like the guaranteed income, the negative income tax would provide for a gradual tapering off. But otherwise it suffers from all the fatal flaws of the guaranteed-income proposal. Both would take money away from those who were earning it to turn it over both to those who could not earn it and those who refused to earn it. Money would be given to people whose incomes were low, without any regard to the reasons why those incomes were low. A person whose income was low or non-existent because he was a beatnik or a loafer or a drunk would get just as much, and no questions asked, as a person whose income was low or non-existent because he was blind or disabled or sick or the victim of some accident or circumstance beyond his control.

So far I have been summarizing arguments I have previously used against both the guaranteed income and the negative income tax. Prof. Friedman's reply to these in his March 7 article is peculiar. He applies a double standard: one standard is what is inherently desirable; the other is what is politically feasible. He defends his own proposals on the ground that they are desirable. He resents any suggestion that they would almost certainly never be adopted politically in the form he advocates. Yet he refuses to consider on their merits the alternatives suggested by his critics on the ground that they are not politically feasible. He argues that those who believe their adoption possible are living in "a dream world."

Friedman begins by telling his conservative and libertarian critics that they are foolish to object to the guaranteed income because we already "have a governmentally guaranteed income in substance though not in name." Even if his contention were



true, it would be irrelevant to the merits of the case. If we already have a guaranteed income then the thing to do is to get rid of it.

Friedman then makes the undeniable statement that our present "grab-bag of relief and welfare measures" is "a mess." Precisely; and throwing the negative income tax on top of it would turn the mess into a nightmare.

But, Friedman insists, he is not proposing to throw his negative income tax on top of this mess; he is proposing to repeal all the existing relief and welfare measures and *substitute* his scheme for them.

Now who is living in a "dream world"? Does Friedman seriously believe that the veterans will quietly give up their pensions? That the farmers will calmly surrender their price supports and other subsidies? That the beneficiaries of subsidized public housing will cheerfully agree to pay a full economic rent? That we will soon hear the last of "free education" at the college level; of free school lunches; of food stamps? Will the workers give up unemployment compensation? Will the great mass of the voters give up any of their promised Social Security benefits? Will the elderly even give up the Medicare benefits they have just acquired?

Talk about living "in a dream world"!

Perhaps the worst evil in all these welfare, relief, and giveaway programs is that it is so fatally easy to get them adopted and so nearly impossible, once they have been adopted, to get rid of them, or to cut them back, or even to prevent their further cancerous growth and proliferation.

I have yet to hear of a single congressman, or even a handful of academic economists, who has endorsed Friedman's negative income tax exactly in the form he has proposed it—to wit, with a basic subsidy of only $300 a year, and as a complete substitute for our whole present "grab-bag of relief and welfare measures."

Speaking for myself, I am not opposed to the negative income tax merely because I regard it as a political certainty that it would be far bigger than Friedman proposes and would simply be thrown on top of the immense welfare burden (in the neighborhood of $50 billion a year) that the American taxpayers already carry. I am opposed to it in principle. It is far inferior to the traditional methods of relief. Generations of experience with relief plans show that they will quickly get out of control and be subject to gross abuse, fraud, and chiseling, unless a means test is retained, unless there is some case-by-case and applicant-by-applicant examination—in brief, unless the recipients of unearned income from the government are subject to at least as much checking and investigation as income-tax payers. The advocates of the guaranteed income and the negative income tax think such a case-by-case check "humiliating" and administratively troublesome. Maybe so; but it is unfortunately unavoidable. There is no neat little mathematical gadget that will enable us to ignore and bypass this necessity. ➔

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The guaranteed income and the negative income tax schemes are wrong in principle because they would compel the self-supporting part of the population to support all the alleged "poor" without taking the trouble to find out *why* a particular individual is poor or even to make sure *whether* he is poor. They would treat precisely alike those who are poor through no moral fault of their own and those who are poor through their own gross delinquency.

Limit the Franchise?

We are confronted with a grave and immensely difficult problem, which we are bound to face candidly. Where any person, a child or an adult, is in fact helpless, or sick or disabled, or hungry, or jobless through no moral fault of his own, and where no private person or group is responsible for him, should "society," acting through government, make itself responsible?

The overwhelming majority of people would answer Yes. Since far back in history "society" has, in fact, assumed this responsibility. In England, the poor laws were enacted even before the reign of Elizabeth I.

The problem is, granted this responsibility, how can the government mitigate the penalties of failure and misfortune without undermining the incentives to effort and success? How can it prevent the abuse of relief and the ominous growth of an ever-bigger army of relief recipients?

I suspect that there is no perfect solution to this problem, but at best a least unsatisfactory solution.

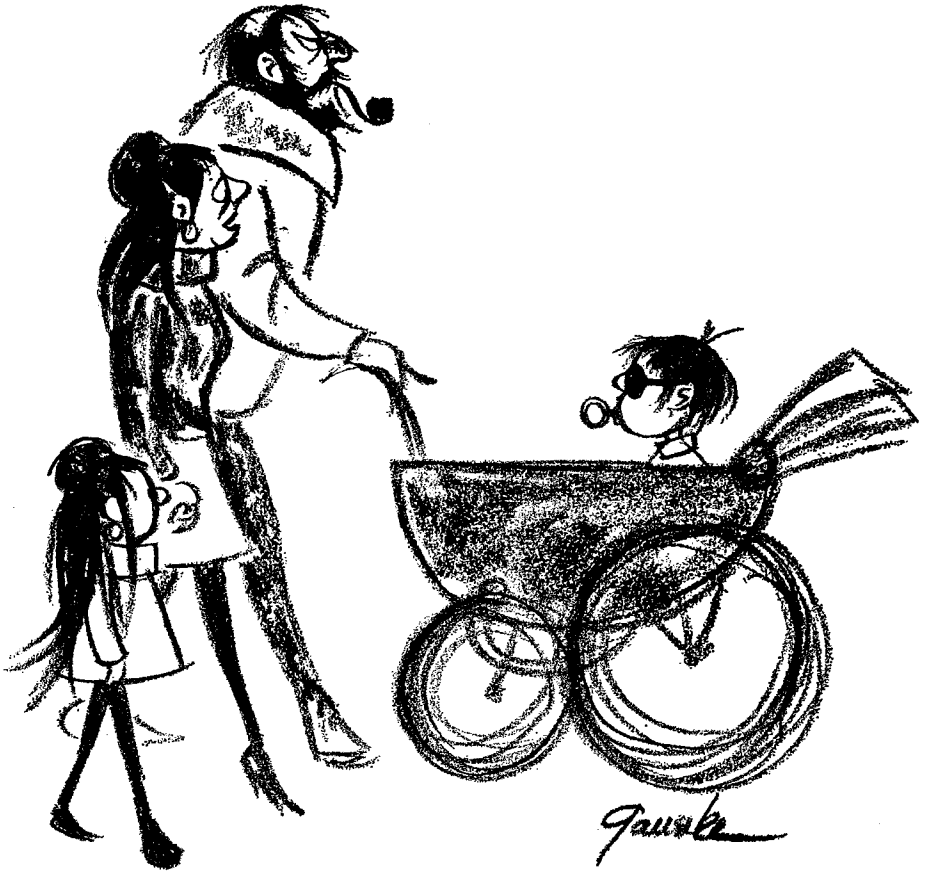
But of one thing we can be reasonably certain. As long as those on relief have the vote while they remain on relief, politicians will continue to increase the burden of relief and welfare until it brings on hyper-inflation, insolvency, the wholesale destruction of incentives, or some other form of social and economic crisis.

Even Milton Friedman confesses political misgivings concerning what would happen to his tapered-off guaranteed income subsidy ("negative income tax") once it got into practical politics. He even quotes A.V. Dicey's question in 1914 whether it is wise to allow recipients of poor relief to retain the right to join in the election of a member of Parliament. But then he dismisses the "verdict of experience" as "mixed," and offers his proposal without suggesting any limitation of the franchise.

John Stuart Mill, writing in his *Representative Government* in 1861, did not equivocate: "I regard it as required by first principles that the receipt of parish relief should be a preemptory disqualification for the franchise. He who cannot by his labor suffice for his own support has no claim to the privilege of helping himself to the money of others."

Prof. Friedman may think that anyone who believes such a limitation of the franchise could be enacted in this generation is living "in a dream world." Perhaps. But does he himself believe that in the present political climate there is any possibility of his negative income tax being enacted in the modest form he proposes—and as a *substitute* for, instead of still another addition to, the present $50 billion worth of all other forms of relief and welfare now so solidly entrenched?

If he does believe that, he is really out on Cloud 9.



"I'm not asking for a wedding ring, Franz—just your Peace Button."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Medium is The Medium

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

SINCE THE APPEARANCE of my column, "The LSD Syndrome" (*NR*, March 21), I have received a number of letters questioning the criticism of Marshall McLuhan, whose work I characterized, along with that of Norman O. Brown and Leslie Dewart, as an intellectual analogue of the LSD experience, a primitivistic attack upon civilization. While the specific content of these objections varies, there is a common element to all of them. Essentially what my correspondents are saying is: isn't McLuhan describing what is actually taking place, and shouldn't we all catch up with it and learn to live with it?

Meyer

This objection totally misses the point. It absolves the intellectual—as it does the artist, the statesman, the entire elite of society—from the responsibility of his role, to bring tradition and reason to bear upon the flux of events, not passively to float on the wave of the present. The rejection of that responsibility is the *trahison des clercs*, the treason of the intellectuals, of the twentieth century.

From the intellectuals, who should be the guardians of the high thought of civilization, that treason has spread to the poll-guided political leaders who renounce their responsibility for the maintenance of a free constitutional order to pander to the prevailing passions of the least common denominator. It has spread to the artists and novelists and dramatists and film makers, who have betrayed their calling to give form and beauty and meaning to existence, substituting an uncritical representation (however decked out with complex claims of artistic subtlety) of whatever is most distorted, decadent, dismal in our society.

To attack this phenomenon is not to ask for chromo-art, for pollyanna intellectuality, for ignoring the realities of a society simultaneously suffering from a deep spiritual malady and from the disruptions of breathless technological change. It *is* to accuse those who form the ethos of society of perpetuating and accelerating the malady. It is to accuse them of utterly failing in their responsibility to build that spiritual strength which could direct the human effect of technological change, absorbing the disruption, putting order in place of distortion, giving meaning and joy to life.

IT IS on these grounds that I cited McLuhan as a prime exemplar of the *trahison des clercs*. I shall not discuss the solipsistic weavings of his literary and intellectual style. Hugh Kenner has done that with an unerring precision I could not hope to approach (*NR*, November 29, 1966). Rather, I should like to discuss the objective significance of his position so far as it is possible to determine that position as it erupts out of the barbaric incoherencies of his prose.

The first point to be observed is that Mr. McLuhan is a crank and, like all cranks, has a single explanation for everything. In his case it is a fanatical extension of one of the heresies of modern thought, technological determinism. More specifically, it is determinism by the technological development of the modes of communication. All history is divided into three parts. There was the tribal era when direct vocal communication determined every aspect of human life; there was the era beginning with the invention of the alphabet and coming to its climax with the invention of printing; and now there is the electronic era. So runs the reiterated sermon of *The Gutenberg Galaxy* and *Understanding Media*.

Nothing substantial results from the conscious will of men. The fruits of reason, the intuitive sweep of human imagination, men as conscious agents mastering their environment—all these are subordinate to technological development. Thus the concept of civilization is meaningless to McLuhan. That which has been the glorious construction of ages of human endeavor becomes a tropism, the reflex of a technological quirk in the means of communications. The gradual emergence of the human person from the cosmological collective is but the chance product of mechanical innovation. Aristotle, Chartres and Shakespeare, Aquinas, the Parthenon and Dante, become but emanations indistinguishable on any scale of values from the totems and ceremonies of tribal existence.

And now, in our time, McLuhan's home-made history dooms civilization and all things civilizational. By another twist of technological fate—the emergence of electronics with its television and computers—we are being returned to tribal society on a world stage. The discrimination and differentiation that constitute civilization, whch was nothing but a byproduct of passing technology, must be submerged in an interpersonal, electronically linked collective of "cool" togetherness. The human race is to become a giant jellyfish swaying in the amniotic ocean.

THERE ARE those who say McLuhan is only describing a tendency, not championing it. That would be bad enough, if he described it without speaking out against it in the name of the human spirit. But even this defense falls before his own attack upon the discriminations of tradition and reason: "The mark of our time is its revolution against imposed patterns. . . . There is a deep faith to be found in this new attitude—a faith that concerns the ultimate harmony of all being. Such is the faith in which this book [*Understanding Media*] is written."

Both as analyst and as advocate he is hopelessly misreading the human condition. The medium is the medium—no more. Whatever its protean technological changes, the human spirit will use it for good or evil. The fate of men is in their own hands—in their understanding of the wisdom of tradition and their mastery of the gift of reason.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters of Introduction

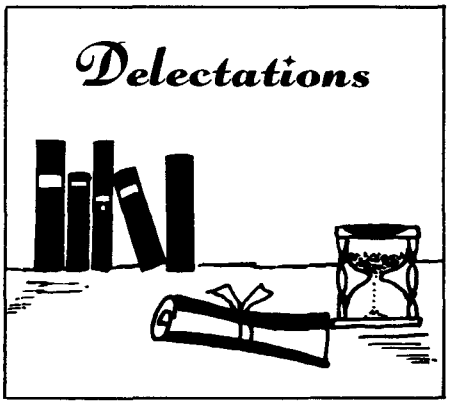
ALEC WAUGH

"Travel is so simple nowadays," you will hear it said: "There's no place in the world worth visiting to which some packaged tour won't take you. Sign on and there you are." The entire globe has become the prey of the four-week vacationist, and because it has, the task of certain specialized types of tourist, the traveling novelist for example, has become less easy.

The novelist is a kind of anthropologist. He does not take off from an international airport for a change of climate or because he needs a rest. Travel may be a pleasure for him, almostly invariably it is, but at the same time it is his work. He visits a foreign country to find out what kinds of people live there and what kinds of life they lead. He plans a campaign carefully so that he can get an all-in picture of the island, township, district with which he is concerned by making contacts with its official planters, business groups and, where there is one, native population. He conducts himself unobtrusively. He does not want to impress his personality on them. He wants them to reveal themselves to him. He wants to know what they are really like. He wants them to behave exactly as they would if he were not there. Often as I have listened to a group of planters, discussing the price of tin and copra and the obtuseness of the central administration, I have suddenly thought, "Heavens, I haven't spoken a word for forty minutes. I must start singing for my supper soon." If a genie wreathing out of a bottle were to offer me my choice of gifts, I should opt for the ring of Gyges, so that I could make myself invisible and not feel constrained to interrupt a conversation that absorbed me.

In the Twenties and the Thirties, and in the first years after World War II, I planned my campaigns through letters of introduction. I would importune friends who had links with the countries I proposed to visit. Mailing their recommendations in advance, I could confidently expect that on my arrival, I should be put up for clubs and admitted to the local community. You cannot do that with the same confidence today; not only because there are too many other tourists, but because owing to the new facilities for travel, the resident population has changed its character. When I first went to the Far East in 1926, Singapore was a four weeks' sail from London, and Malaya was full of solitary males, ready to welcome the stranger who could enliven their lonely evenings with up-to-date gossip of London, Paris and New York. The traveler on his return would dilate on the hospitality that he had received. "They can't do too much for you. They're heartbroken when you have to leave." All that is over.

The European *Raj* has put up its shutters. The district officer in the



jungle who "doesn't see another white man for weeks on end" is now as extinct a species as the dodo. Residents in the tropics lead full, varied, pleasant lives. They do not think of themselves as exiled to "the back of Beyond." They have no need of strangers to keep them up-to-date.

Forty years ago in Tahiti only one mail boat a month came in from San Francisco, and the residents were excited and curious to see who would be on board. Eight years ago, I found the children of the men and women I had met there in the Twenties, complaining about the way in which their New York friends showered them with testimonials. "What, going to Tahiti? You must look up Blanche and Rupert; they'll be thrilled."

"If we weren't careful," they said, "we'd be so busy entertaining the acquaintances of our acquaintances that we'd have no time to lead our own lives and see our own friends." And that was before the arrival of the jets. I imagine that by now they have drawn a high defensive barricade round their private lives.

The letter of introduction has become suspect currency, and I am chary of presenting one unless I am sure that its recipient is under an obligation to its donor. My campaign today needs a more cautious planning. In view of the lethal and confiscatory nature of income tax, I try to make my visit "deductible" for my prospective friends. This requires some ingenuity but it can be done. I have, for instance, frequently in recent years availed myself of the services of the British Council, an organization that does admirable work presenting "the British way of life" in foreign countries. Its representatives are men of culture, character and charm, but it has few funds at its disposal, and welcomes anyone whose transit trip is "news" and who is prepared to give a couple of unpaid public lectures. In return the visitor is introduced into local life.

In this respect the novelist with some experience as a lecturer is in a special and fortunate position, but surely most of those who are able to undertake independent travel should be able to get themselves sponsored in some way as the representative of this or that other group or society or interest so that the residents can feel justified in exerting themselves on his behalf. Is not that the contemporary equivalent of yesterday's letter of introduction?

Failing that, I can only suggest regretfully to the anthropological tourist that he resort to the time-honored device, familiar to the world's rogues and vagabonds, of discovering from his hotel porter which bar is frequented by the livelier residents, making friends there with the barman and hanging around in the near certainty that sooner or later he will find himself in conversation with his own kind of person. It works more often than not. That, anyhow, is how I got myself started in Tangier, in the Bar Parade.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE ACADEMY

RUSSELL KIRK

Tuition and Educational Hierarchy in California

Some 717,000 young people are enrolled as students in California's public institutions of higher learning, from community colleges to graduate schools. Not one of these pays tuition. Probably Governor Reagan will change that before the next academic year commences, and with good reason.

Although California has the highest proportion in the nation of high school graduates enrolling for at least a year of college, California's college drop-out rate is higher than the national average, and the percentage of students who actually obtain degrees is correspondingly lower than in the average state. In 1965, the California Coordinating Council for Higher Education (numbering Dr. Clark Kerr among its members) concluded that the policy of free tuition at all state institutions ought to be greatly altered, in one fashion or another.

Kirk

As Governor Reagan puts it, there is no such thing as free education; there is only costly education. It is a question of who is to pay the bills. The outcry (mostly from students) against the Reagan tuition-proposal is somewhat amusing; for a few weeks later, the Labor government of Britain announced its intention of increasing the tuition charges for foreign students at British universities by 250 per cent—to $700 a head. Is that reaction?

If students at California's university campuses and state colleges paid $300 to $400 per annum, still they would be defraying only a fraction of the cost of their schooling. The annual expense to the state, per student, for instruction, ranges from $540 at the community colleges to $3,051 at the state graduate schools. (The Reagan proposal would not establish tuition-charges at the community colleges.) This is not all. In 1963, California's public capital outlay per student was $4,000 at the community colleges, $6,350 at the state colleges, $10,000 at the university campuses. California taxpayers are unlikely to bear such increases much longer.

Nor are most students—or their Californian parents—unable to pay a tolerable proportion of the cost of their study. Some 20 per cent of the students at the University of California (with its nine campuses) come from households with an annual income between $14,000 and $20,000. Another 18 per cent come from families whose income exceeds $20,000. Only 12.3 per cent have parents with incomes of less than $6,000.

What is needed, perhaps, is state scholarships to provide for deserving students who really are short of funds—and tuition payment by those quite able to afford to assume some of the cost. California is the only big state that does not charge tuition for higher education; indeed, the only other large public system of higher education which remains tuition-free is that of the city colleges of New York.

An alternative well worth considering is the "Collier Plan," by which California university and college graduates would be expected to repay to the state, gradually, the cost of their education at public expense—once their income-tax returns should show them sufficiently affluent to afford repayment by installments. (Those graduates who did not prosper never would have to repay.) Before long, Governor Reagan and his people doubtless will produce a coherent proposal for fiscal and structural reform of public higher education. More than the establishment of tuition charges is needed.

State Senator John Schmitz, for instance, two years ago introduced a bill which would permit the community colleges to expand from two-year junior colleges to four-year senior colleges, granting bachelor's degrees. Although this plan died in committee, some Democrats concurred with Senator Schmitz; and more may be heard of the project this year.

In Sacramento, advocates of this and similar plans argue that the costs per capita are far lower at the community colleges; that local control of the junior colleges (which raise more than three-fourths of their funds by local taxation) is a more democratic system, comparatively free from the ideological passions too evident at the university campuses and the state colleges; that actually some of the community colleges—long established, and possessed of good libraries—are more competent to instruct undergraduates than are the newer university campuses and state colleges. Probably the best case for strengthening the community institutions—and converting the state university campuses into graduate schools—is the comparatively humane scale of the community colleges.

Reagan Even More Popular?

"Perhaps the most cogent argument for a complete evaluation of the tripartite system of higher education, however, is the lack of contact the parents of children feel they have with the two upper echelons and their appointed regents," one Californian educational administrator told me. "They all see thousands of students, their youngsters, drawn into questionable 'political action' movements by the techniques of mob psychology. They see the university and state colleges as training camps for revolutionists, not for the cultivation of the mind or the inculcation of reverence for our heritage, which is what a university is all about. Taxpayers resent the intellectual climate at these institutions, yet they feel helpless to influence the present trend. The four-year community college system would provide them with a solution."

So if Governor Reagan reforms intelligently, he will become more popular even than he was in November 1966; and California may establish a pattern of public higher education likely to be emulated all the way back to the Atlantic seaboard.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are you willing to stand on your head?

You can get us the right kind of new readers much more easily than we can: the kind of people we're looking for are *your* friends—interesting people, people who give a hoot about what is going on in the world, and what might be done about it—people, in short, with *brains*.

National Review is edited for inquiring minds, for those who aren't afraid to entertain a new idea (or an old one, even though it may not be popular at the moment). It's aimed at those who are fed up with news and views instinctively felt to be slanted or misleading —those who recognize and appreciate good writing leavened with wit and humor.

Does that sound like anyone you know? Wonderful. That's the very person we're looking for. Tell him (or her?) about *us*. Perhaps you should give him the copy of NR you are now reading (don't worry—if he forgets to return it, drop us a line, and we'll replace it), and urge him to read James Jackson Kilpatrick's really excellent in-depth study of the fascinating and controversial George Wallace. No journalist in America is better qualified to write this story than Mr. Kilpatrick, the distinguished editor of the highly-respected Richmond *News-Leader*. That's the kind of writers we look for.

Now, will you give us a hand in finding other readers who appreciate the finest? Use the card facing this page to introduce someone you know to National Review today!

We're willing to stand on our heads just to get the right kind of new readers. But do we have to?

The Great Tradition

STANLEY PARRY

In *Socrates and Aristophanes* Leo Strauss gives us an impressive addition to his life's work—the recovery of the Great Tradition in political philosophy. The problem the book proposes centers formally upon Socrates. As is typical of Strauss, he raises profound issues with great courage. Francis Cornford, in his *Before and After Socrates*, has given us the best study of the revolution in thought precipitated by Socrates through the invention of political philosophy. With Socrates man first begins a disciplined philosophical inquiry into the nature of man, of society, of ethical conduct, and of the good life. As a result Socrates was executed as a criminal on the charges of atheism and corruption of the youth.

This raises a problem that has been inherent in Western life ever since the execution: the tension between reason and religion. This problem has no objective basis, yet historically it has always arisen. Among the Greeks it took the form of tension between philosophers—the theoretical men—and the poets, who expounded and defended the ancient religious tradition against new explanations. Thus we come to Aristophanes, the great comic poet, and his attack on Socrates in the play *The Clouds*.

Socrates and Aristophanes, by Leo Strauss. Basic Books, $8.50

The difficulty is that the Socrates Aristophanes attacks bears no resemblance at all to the Socrates Plato and Xenophon describe. The Socrates of *The Clouds* is portrayed as being 1) wholly indifferent to the city, an ivory tower thinker, 2) inept in judging human affairs, 3) indifferent to the beautiful in any form. Obviously this is not Plato's Socrates. Strauss in fact does not commit himself to any resolution of this difficulty. Rather he translates it into the basic problem of the relation between poetry and philosophy, and resolves this by an analysis of the function of comedy in the life of the city.

The true value of this book lies in its analysis of Aristophanes. Strauss has given us a precise and detailed *vade mecum* for the study of the comedies. In typical fashion he patiently works out of the text Aristophanes' conception of the comic poet's social function. The burden of his interpretation is that the comic poet is the defender of the virtue and the ancient tradition of the city. His weapon is laughter; the target of his attack is boasting; the purpose of it is to purge the city of the vices that abound in it. Thus the function of comedy is intensely political and basically as serious as that of tragedy, which scourges the vice of pride. Strauss carefully demonstrates his point by the analysis of an art form, Greek comedy, that has aptly been described as a combination of musical comedy and low burlesque. By that analysis he succeeds in guarding the unwary reader from viewing the comedies as simply vulgar stories written to amuse the vulgar crowd.

The reason the poet Aristophanes feels he must criticize Socrates the philosopher is precisely that the philosophical approach is theoretical. It seeks to know things by analysis, by reflection outside time, through the dissection of experience. The quest is valid, but to the poet it seems suspect. For the poet knows things in an aristocratic fashion: the ways of our ancestors provide norms of noble behavior; the tales of ancient heroes bring immortality to the city. The theoretical man seems to deny this, and certainly his methods undermine the unquestioning acceptance of tradition. Especially in a city founded by the gods, as the belief went, and dedicated to ancestor worship, the questing theoretical man could easily look like an atheist (which some of them were). Therefore Aristophanes felt it his civic duty to deflate the boast implicit in the attempt to know heaven and earth, and to know them in terms other than the gods revealed.

The tension was and is real, despite all talk about the unity of the good, the true and the beautiful. It is a tension in ways of knowing. Moreover the theoretical man can become socially dangerous if he becomes infected with pride, if he considers his intellect to be the measure of truth rather than the discoverer of it. It is a paradox that Plato in his city in the *Laws*, the city founded by the gods, excluded philosophers. Perhaps it was because he could find none who satisfied his standards of transcendent knowledge. The true philosopher does not transcend his society. It was the chief charge of Aristophanes that the philosophers, symbolized in Socrates, attempted to do so. Aristophanes, in an age of social dislocation, was instinct with the urge to retain the tradition, *tene quod habes*. Socrates was committed to the attempt to regain a lost tradition in a new and surer form.

As this book takes its place in the corpus of Strauss' writing, it might be appropriate to examine Strauss' conception of the function of the scholar (philosopher) in society. For he surely thinks the scholar has such a function, one defined by the circumstances of our times. That function is intensely practical: to recover the order our society is losing. But it is discharged in a scholarly manner by way of intellectual discovery or, more importantly, re-discovery of the truths on which our social order rests. Basic to his position is the conviction, Platonic in principle, that social order is a matter of spirit and above all of ideas. We have the order we see about us because of the way we think about things. If we are in disorder it is be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause we are intellectually confused. It is the task of the scholar to remove that confusion. And he must approach that task with humility. He does not spin some new and better order out of historically rootless thought. The order he must rediscover is the order of the West. That order grew slowly under the influence of great minds who distilled and organized the experience of Western man. It is recovered by humbly discovering what they truly thought, not with pale academic curiosity, but with a sense of urgency and the conviction that right order is a consequence of true philosophy.

There are other conceptions of the scholar, all of which contradict Strauss'. I suspect that if he permitted himself the liberty, he would label them, in the Greek fashion, as infected with pride. One such conception is concealed in some interpretations of academic freedom. It holds that the scholar has obligations only to himself and may question any facet or aspect of society with impunity. This is a position of irresponsibility. A second that comes to mind is the activist interpretation of the scholarly function. According to it, the scholar should govern. An egghead has been described as an intellectual who thinks he should run things. This is an elitist position rooted in the conviction that power and wisdom can be united only in the person of an academician—who seemingly is wise because he knows a lot of things. Ultimately this, of course, would result in the disappearance of the Academy and scholarship in general. A third questionable interpretation of the practical function of the scholar is that of behaviorism. Without examining the premises of the position, we can note that the primary consequence of the empirical study of human behavior is to enhance the ability of the rulers to manipulate subjects. And as Plato and Strauss insist, it does so without contributing anything to the problem of right rule or good government.

Strauss' conception attributes value to scholarship as such. Simply by being a true scholar a man helps reconstruct his society at the deepest level of its existence. And it is fortunate for the United States that its Academy has in it an ever increasing number of scholars in the Strauss tradition, the Great Tradition.

The Great Divide

M. STANTON EVANS

THE YEAR 1933 was a watershed in American politics. With the accession of Franklin Roosevelt to the White House, the nation set forth on a journey to the total state that few of its citizens could foresee, and fewer still, on the evidence, cared to undertake. Granted the importance of other events in other years, the launching of the New Deal seems to have been decisive. We had had our trustbusters and progressives, our Bryans and Wilsons, direct election of senators, and the income tax; and, of course, radical ferment aplenty in the house of intellect. But, despite all this, there was little disagreement between the major parties about the basic features of the American system.

The First New Deal, by Raymond Moley. Harcourt, $12.50

The national orthodoxy, prior to 1933, was pretty much a matter of free enterprise and limited government, with the epic battles centering on chiefly regional issues like prohibition, the tariff, and free silver. There were probably fewer Democrats than Republicans who would seriously have contemplated turning our government into a collectivist monolith that would soak up the powers of the states and suborn its citizens into petty servitude.

Roosevelt changed all this. In that first twelve months of hectic improvisation, he moved toward a political style subsequently denominated by Harry Hopkins as "tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect." Having tasted the efficacy of this formula and reaped its benefits, Roosevelt embarked us on a cycle of subsidies and controls the end of which is not as yet in sight.

FEW MEN are better equipped to describe the political beginnings of this process than Raymond Moley. As premier adviser to Roosevelt, captain of the "brain trust," and general liaison man, Moley was FDR's Sorensen, Schlesinger and O'Brien rolled into one. With his insider's knowledge of what Roosevelt was doing, moreover, he combines historian's exactitude and patient skill and journalist's eye for practical detail.

The First New Deal, in consequence, is both a primary source of the Roosevelt era and a mature evaluation of the deeper currents which worked beneath its turbulent surface. As eye-witness and direct participant, Moley describes such matters as the Roosevelt-Hoover clash over foreign debts and bank holidays, the drafting of the first inaugural, the launching of TVA and NRA, conflicts among Hopkins, Ickes and Morgenthau, and the original premises of Social Security. Also included are discussions of leading figures in the New Deal Congress, the "brain trust" itself, and such fabled Roosevelt subalterns as Louis Howe, Jim Farley, Cordell Hull, Hugh Johnson, and Joseph Kennedy.

The central theme of the book is the transmogrification of American politics into the "exercise of naked power by finite men." Moley stresses the fact that Roosevelt did not start out to make things happen this way. But his mood of jaunty pragmatism, his insistence that the Federal Government "do something" to spur recovery, and his decision to become the "master" of American business, made it virtually inevitable that they should. A "something" unconfined by principle evolved, all too easily, into a full-blown species of collectivism.

Roosevelt had been elected on the argument—reflecting the real convictions of large numbers of Democrats—that the Hoover Administration had irresponsibly enlarged the powers of government and wasted the taxpayer's money. The 1932 Democratic platform promised, for example, that the new Administration would secure "an immediate and drastic reduction of governmental expenditures by abolishing useless commissions and offices, consolidating departments and bureaus and eliminating extravagance, to accomplish a saving of not less than 25 per cent in the cost of the Federal Government. . ." Also promised were an annual balancing of the budget and "a sound currency to be preserved at all costs." In keeping with these pledges, the new re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will he follow in his father's footsteps?

For many men, having sons follow in their footsteps is a fond dream.

For others, it's a nightmare.

Unfortunately for the poor and unskilled, the nightmare all too frequently becomes reality through no fault of their own. Their children start out so far behind only the extraordinary ones catch up. The others drop out. Losers. And the loss isn't only theirs. The country loses, too, every time one of these children can't realize his potential to make his full contribution to society.

The problems are large and complex and the solutions are not easy. But headway is being made. Thanks to the combined efforts and ingenuity of concerned people everywhere: in government, in education, in local communi-

At McGraw-Hill, new techniques have been developed to minimize the effects of social, racial, and ethnic factors in testing. The results? The natural learning abilities of children are discovered *before* testing to get more accurate predictions of their readiness and learning potential.

There's a new series of school books that take into account the experiences and environment of slum children. The stories unfold in settings where people have black skins. Or Spanish names. Or where daffodils are unknown. The result is new interest in books and new incentive to develop reading skills.

And there's a wide variety of films to deal frankly with the special social problems of these children so that they

These are just a few examples of what we are doing. There are many more, and they all have a common denominator. They reflect an awareness of social problems. A willingness to explore scientific and technological advances to improve education, training and understanding between neighbors and nations. And a readiness to experiment with new ideas, techniques, and systems, if they promise to be better than the old ones.

What's new and better may come in a variety of packages. Improved books. Magnetic tapes. Records. Films. Instructional systems. They're all part of our business. Part of an exciting revolution that offers a chance to make tomorrow better than today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gime moved early in its tenure to carry out a program of cost-cutting in government. The experiment, which Moley describes in detail, was not of long duration or great effect—but at least it was made. Such was the free-enterprising mentality of America as of early 1933. And, indeed, vestiges of that mentality were apparent as late as June, when Roosevelt held forth as follows on the subject of relief:

> The lessons of history, confirmed by evidence immediately before me, show conclusively that continued dependence upon relief induces a spiritual and moral disintegration fundamentally destructive to the national fiber. To dole out relief in this way is to administer a narcotic, a subtle destroyer of the human spirit. It is inimical to the dictates of sound policy. It is in violation of the traditions of America.

There could hardly be a better one-paragraph critique of indiscriminate welfarism. Yet the same man who uttered these words proceeded to unleash the very flood-tide of relief unending which has become an American way of life. To induce the spiritual and moral disintegration of the electorate, and to prey upon those qualities for political gain, soon became a major goal of Roosevelt's policy, and is now the principal business of Roosevelt's political descendants.

As this shift of purposes became apparent, Moley grew increasingly concerned. He was a Democrat in the Jeffersonian mold, and his observation of what was going on in Washington cured any illusions he might have had about the virtues of men who armed themselves with power. Although remaining personally friendly with Roosevelt, he resigned from the Administration and subsequently opposed FDR's bids for re-election in '40 and '44. By following the pained reactions of so close and well-disposed an observer, one can perceive the stages by which compulsions multipled and the New Deal moved from benign experiment to collectivist crusade.

Moley gives us, in addition, a convincing portrait of FDR as a private personality. He depicts Roosevelt as a man of enormous energy and magnetism, a master of public psychology and political timing; but also as an opportunist without depth, and a slipshod administrator ambiguous in policy and fickle with subordinates. The former traits account for his unprecedented success in American politics, the latter for the calamity which finally capped his efforts everywhere but at the polls.

Considered against the backdrop of an enormous literature on its chosen subject, *The First New Deal* is a rare book—a study of Roosevelt which provides us with fresh information and new insight. Its portrayal of our nation's essential conservatism pre-1933 stands in vivid contrast to preachments that there is something "inevitable" about our descent into collectivism; Moley makes quite clear that there was nothing inevitable about it. The American people did not vote for collectivism in 1932, and began to vote for it eventually only when they had been thoroughly instructed in the politics of greed.

Electronic Anthropology

MAX GELTMAN

In this age of Marshall McLuhan, when the computer is fast replacing the citizen and art is no better than the advertising media which inspired it, it is only natural that the sciences—especially the social sciences—should also want to reflect the spirit of the times. Here no one has been more successful in courting the *Zeitgeist* than Dr. Oscar Lewis, whose electronic anthropology is currently the most fashionable. And this for the reason that he not only employs the tape recorder as a necessary gadget for his methodology, but also because he has preempted the field of poverty all to himself and left the potsherds and artifacts of primitive culture to other, more traditional, investigators. He has in fact created (with the aid of a bit of modern mechanical wizardry and a few carefully selected informants) a type of society-within-society which he calls "the culture of poverty."

***La Vida:* A Puerto Rican Family in the Culture of Poverty, by Oscar Lewis. Random House, $10.00**

Not all societies, however, are capable of enjoying this subculture in their midst, we are instructed. Socialist societies, for instance, by which Mr. Lewis means the totalitarian states, including Cuba under Castro, are free of the burden imposed by this "culture" because they have solved the problems of the poor. Only in those states where such factors as "upward mobility and thrift" prevail, or where the economy is based on "wage labor and production for profit," or where stress is laid on "accumulation of wealth and property," can a true "culture of poverty" develop. To help maintain his credentials as a bona fide cultural anthropologist, Dr. Lewis tells us that "a bilateral kinship system rather than a unilateral one" is another necessary ingredient for his subculture. This point, naturally, carries a four-paragraph footnote which helps explain nothing about the subject and even less about the "culture" he is describing.

For it must be understood that it is actually not necessary to be poor to belong to the culture of poverty. For instance, two of his "characters" (that is the way Mr. Lewis describes them), living in free union in New York, catalogue their personal belongings as follows: "Soledad" possesses 27 dresses, three suits, eleven skirts, eleven blouses, sixteen prs. panties, seven prs. shoes, two wrist watches; while "Benedicto" owns five suits, ten prs. pants, 23 shirts, 25 undershirts, four prs. shoes, 40 prs. socks, two wrist watches, one gold chain and three gold rings.

Lest the reader assume that these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"characters" in the culture of poverty have accumulated a batch of hand-me-downs or shoddy, it is well to note that Benedicto spends a little over $100 for a suit, a little less than $20 for a pair of shoes, and just over five dollars for a shirt. A meticulous researcher, Mr. Lewis. We learn further that Soledad and Benedicto spent in all about $3,000 for clothing and jewelry "for themselves alone." It is also well to observe that 44 per cent of the families in his subculture earn $4,000 "or over," which is above "the mean annual income for all New York families."

Since poverty as that term is normally understood is not the determining factor in this "culture of poverty," what is? The answer is that the author doesn't know for sure, or he won't tell. Or that he tells too much and contradicts himself so often that

some very responsible people have questioned not only his methodology, but the very existence of the families which are the subjects of his research. In Mexico his earlier book, *The Children of Sanchez,* came in for some devastating criticism. Continued publication of the book was held up for a time by an action in the courts because of charges by the Mexican Society of Geography and Statistics and the newspaper *Novedades* that *Children of Sanchez* was "a complete invention," and "obscene." To the further charges that the book was subversive and defamatory of the Mexican way of life one can only say that the Mexicans took him too seriously. After all, the author does say that his method of operation includes a combination of "art and life" in compiling his "life histories." Perhaps more of the former than the latter. But it wouldn't make his family studies more valid even if we accepted at face value—although there is no reason to do so—the real-life existence of his "characters." Suppose there *is* a Sanchez family in Mexico? All that would establish is what the medical profession calls a series of one.

The same goes for the Rios family, the subjects of *La Vida* which the Puerto Rican community in the Commonwealth, as well as in East Harlem, has found so grossly insulting. The very title itself, which is Puerto Rican vernacular for the life of prostitution, has proved especially offensive. But so are almost all the characters described by the author's lone and anonymous research assistant who heard everything, missed nothing and reported all—if only it was good and dirty and salacious and cruel and totally meaningless insofar as helping us to understand the plight of the poor. To be fair to Mr. Lewis, however, he is not writing about the poor as such, as we have indicated earlier.

Only Michael Harrington and *Time* Magazine thought he had made "a pitiless exposure of poverty among Puerto Rican Americans." He did nothing of the sort. What Mr. Lewis is describing is, to use his own terminology, a "subculture" in the general social environment of the poor. Sometimes he tells us it is made up of the lowest stratum in that community, sometimes he says the opposite. But Mr. Lewis is entitled to his contradictions. What is significant here is that his characters—and they could as easily belong to the very rich or the moderately well-to-do so far as their id-oriented egos are concerned—are identifiable by the fact that they are prepared to spout a stream of free associations in an unending monologue at any time of the day or night. Much of it, it must be conceded, sounds like the rantings from the couch of a lunatic psychoanalyst. If anything, his characters are atypical, not representative of the poor at all, here or in Puerto Rico, and the author, at one time or another, even calls attention to that fact.

Then what gives the book significance? Nothing. But for those who like their scatology good and dirty and their anthropology full of sex—Sex in Samoa or Sex in San Juan—this book is a natural. Unhappily, books like these are not easily discredited in a land where the passion

"They laughed when I wound up my shaver..."

That's liable to happen to you when you first use the RIVIERA in front of anyone. A wind-up shaver may **seem** a plaything. Or at best an emergency type of shaver (because it needs no cords or batteries). After all, how can a hand-cranked shaver rotate fast enough to do a clean and close job? And how many times do you have to wind the darn thing to finish one shave?

One answer at a time: The three-blade shaving head revolves at such a fast clip that it actually gives you **seventy-two thousand cutting strokes a minute!** Compare that to your $30 TurboDeluxe. Now, about the winding. The palm-shaped body of the RIVIERA (named for its birthplace, Monte Carlo) is filled with a huge mainspring made of the same Swedish super steel used in the most expensive watch movements. You crank the key just like a movie camera (about six turns) and the RIVIERA shaves and shaves and shaves. From ear to ear; from nose to neck, without slowing down. Maintains its full shaving speed right to the end—and long enough to do the complete job. Hard to believe, but really true.

A few more details: The surgical steel blades are so designed that they are continuously self-sharpening. You will find that the more you use the RIVIERA the sharper and the better it gets. The guard is so unbelievably thin (5/100 of a millimeter) that pressure is unnecessary. You just touch the shaver on your face and gently guide it in circular motions.

We could go on. But we don't expect to sell you with words. We just want to get you open-minded enough to tie up $17 for two weeks. We'll give you that long to put the RIVIERA to the test. If it disappoints you (if you want to return it for **any** reason), send it back. Your money will be in the return mail. Obviously, we have reason to believe that this won't happen and that you will want to keep your RIVIERA for the office, club, cabin or in a permanent place in your bathroom cabinet. It's that kind of a thing. Once you've tried it you won't let it go.

P.S. You not only save the cost of an electric motor, but you save the cost of repairing it. The money that it leaves in your pocket; the dependability; the good, fast, clean shaves that you'll get—they'll give **you** the last laugh.

PLACE YOUR ORDER HERE

NR-0418

Mail to: **HAVERHILL'S**
526 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111

Please send me the RIVIERA Shaver. I must be amazed and delighted or I may return it within two weeks after receipt for immediate refund. I understand that there is a one year's unconditional guarantee on parts and workmanship.

☐ I enclose $16.95 plus $1.00 for postage and insurance. (Calif. residents add 4% sales tax.)
☐ Bill Amer. Express Acct. #_____

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip _____

© 1966 Haverhill's

Searching the World to bring you the Finest

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

The outdoor life. Any indoor man will tell you how great it is. But only an outdoor man can tell you what it does to human skin.

Constant sun dries skin out. Leathers it. Burns it over and over again. And that can be dangerous.

If you are out in the sun a lot (or even if you're not), check into any sore that does not heal. Promptly. It could be a warning signal of cancer. And cancer is easier to cure when it's detected early.

Lorne Greene knows the seven warning signals of cancer. So should you:

1. Unusual bleeding or discharge. 2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere. 3. A sore that does not heal. 4. Change in bowel or bladder habits. 5. Hoarseness or cough. 6. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing. 7. Change in a wart or mole.

If a signal lasts longer than two weeks, see your doctor without delay.

It makes sense to know the seven warning signals of cancer.

It makes sense to give to the American Cancer Society.®

to elevate absurdity into law is only too common. One has only to recall the awful effects Gunnar Myrdal's non-book, *An American Dilemma*, has had on the relations between Negroes and whites just because an unthinking and impressionable Court read it in a hurry and acted on it with undeliberate speed.

Finally, what our exponent of the new electronic anthropology has demonstrated all too clearly is not the existence of a culture of poverty but of a poverty of culture. And this largely for the reason that we are used to reading headlines on the run and book titles instead of books, and listening to evening news reports on television, which devote an hour or more of time to delivering a smidgen of news packaged in a bonanza of commercials, to which are usually added the pistareen pipings of an elder statesman of the medium by way of a homily spoken in heavy gutturals which only has to *sound* profound to be convincing. Perhaps Marshall McLuhan is right after all. Perhaps the new socio-anthropology cannot be stopped at all. It would be a tragedy, however, if Mr. Lewis were as successful as Mr. Mydral.

Movies

For the Bible Tells Me So

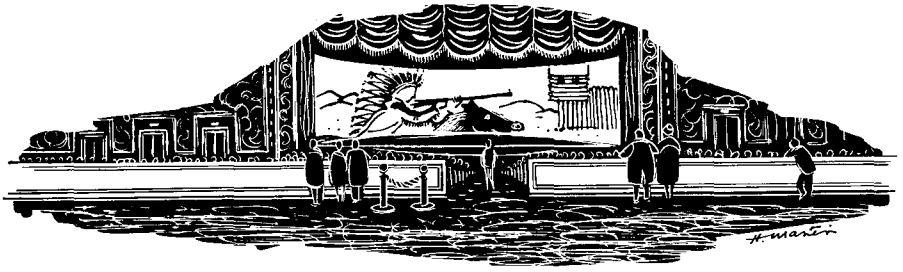
FRANCIS RUSSELL

NO ONE CAN SAY I don't do my homework. Before seeing Dino De Laurentiis' *The Bible* I read the book. Four years ago when I happened to be in Rome I saw some of the script, and I understood then that De Laurentiis planned to film the whole Bible. The present installment carries us only to Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac. If it is really true that there are to be a dozen more installments of this all-time serial, some other reviewer than myself will have to be found for them.

Not too long ago the whisper was (and rather a gleeful one at that) that De Laurentiis was in trouble with his *Bible*, having sunk $18 million in a holy white elephant. The laugh is now on the whisperers, for the picture is expected to gross over $80 million. Yet why this long-drawn-out, pretentious and basically boring film should be such an attraction is something I have continued to ask myself ever since, on its belated appearance in Boston, I discovered that all seats had been sold for the three Saturday performances. The new epic is of course old De Mille writ large—sex and sanctity, with somewhat more sophistication, newer camera techniques and without all those mugging Hollywood extras. De Laurentiis gave his own explanation in a recent interview when he said that "with the right subject you cannot go wrong. The movie public is a demanding but lazy one that basically wants to enjoy itself without having to think."

The Bible would have appealed greatly to the late William Jennings Bryan, and it will no doubt appeal equally to the readers of Lloyd Douglas. So far as I could judge, the representative Boston audience was basically of that lower middle class, unchurched but hopeful, from which is derived the Eisenhower pieties. Enough are still around to account for that $80 million. Dino ought to know!

THE FILM begins with tricky *National Geographic* shots from all parts of the world—waterfalls, volcanoes, speeded-up sea currents and dissolving clouds, etc. It is all pretty smoky, and the only landscape I definitely re-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

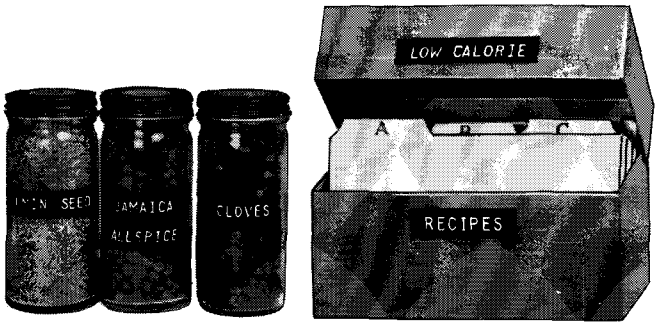
cognized was that of the Galapagos Islands. So much for creation and the void. I was a little confused by the narrator and God the Father's having the same voice. It is an American voice, too—God is "Gahd." Possibly under the influence of Episcopalianism, I had always supposed that God would sound like Laurence Olivier. Years ago there was a French book entitled *Dieu—est-il français?* Dino brings up the question: *Dieu — est-il américain?* I was pleased, though, to discover that until the building of the Tower of Babel everyone in the world spoke English. Only with the coming of the Palestinian construction workers' unions did they lapse into the lesser languages.

Adam and Eve—played by Michael Parks and Ulla Bergryd—are true-blue nordics, with azure eyes and yellow hair. It took some extremely nimble camera work to keep them modest in their nakedness; Eve's waist-long golden hair pasted to her bosom helped. Most of the background resembled Sardinia, and even the Garden of Eden looked prickly. The Technicolor effects were of the unspectacular pastel variety that the Russians use and that seem to produce more browns and yellows than the brighter colors—rather like a fifty-year-old postcard view of Niagara Falls.

CHRISTOPHER FRY, who wrote the screenplay, solved what must have been a drearily remunerative task by following Genesis even to the Jacobean language of the Authorized Version. His characters speak with thee's and thou's, just the way they used to do in the Sunday School pageants of my childhood. As a charter member of the Animal Rescue League I found the Noah episode the most entertaining, and I suppose this is the one that cost the most; the animals being led two by two onto the ark—giraffes, lions, tigers, bears, polar bears (which I should have thought could have looked after themselves), elephants, apes, goats, etc. I don't know whether they still make those Noah's Ark toys for chil-

George bought it for his workshop...

...and told his wife!



YOU KNOW THE STORY — "Just let me *try* it . . ."

That was George's second mistake. He let his wife "try" his new Brady *Quik-Label Tabletop Embossing Machine.*

First he showed her how easy it is to dial and print any of 45 fixed characters — *with only her fingertips* — without lifting, squeezing or other tiring motions.

Well, you can guess how she liked that!

Then, with one finger, he showed her how to tab and cut a glossy plastic self-adhesive tape label for easy, fast application to almost *anything.* And how to make multiple pre-cut labels on a continuous dispenser strip up to *36 feet long.* And how to reduce printing errors by reviewing each raised letter she printed through the full view window. And how to . . .

"George, you old fox. You didn't forget my birthday present after all!"

Brady Quik-Label Tabletop Embossing Machine is 4¾" wide by 6¼" deep by 4½" high — weighs 2½ lbs., and has a high-impact plastic case with metal base. Use economy-size 36′ long jumbo rolls of Quik-Label tape or standard 12′ long rolls in 11 glossy, fadeproof colors.

Model QLM-500 for ½" Tape

Get a Quik-Label Embossing Machine for YOUR workshop. Fill in the coupon below.

STOCK AND PRICE LIST OF BRADY QUIK-LABEL TAPES

Standard Rolls		Standard Rolls		Jumbo Industrial Rolls	
Color	½" x 12 ft.	Color	½" x 12 ft.	Color	½" x 36 ft.
Black	QLT-5BK	Clear	QLT-5CL	Black	QLTJ-5BK
Red	QLT-5RD	Brown	QLT-5BN	Red	QLTJ-5RD
Blue	QLT-5BL	Orange	QLT-5OR	Blue	QLTJ-5BL
Green	QLT-5GN	Gray	QLT-5GY	Green	QLTJ-5GN
Yellow	QLT-5YL	Purple	QLT-5PL	Yellow	QLTJ-5YL
Gold	QLT-5GD				
Per Roll	$1.65	Per Roll	$1.65	Per Roll	$4.25

26037

W. H. BRADY CO., 719 W. Glendale Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53209

Pease send me Model No. QLM-500 (½") at $18.95, plus the following Quik-Label tapes:

No. of rolls:_____ Stock No.:_____. No. of rolls_____ Stock No.:_____.
My check is enclosed; to be shipped prepaid.

NAME_____

COMPANY_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

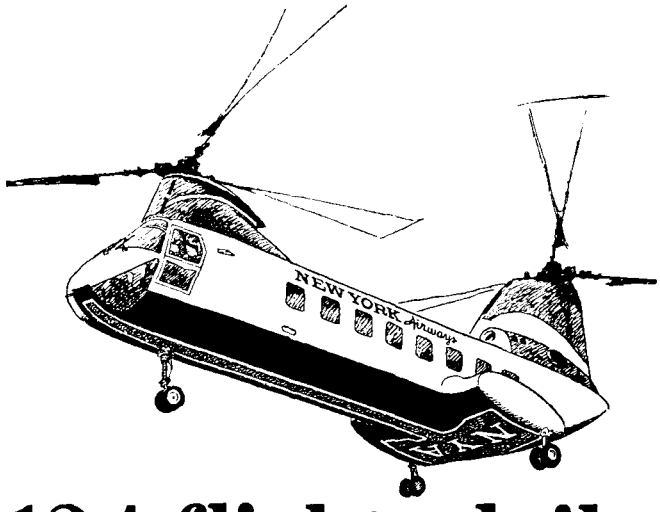
"I DON'T MIND PAYING A LITTLE LESS"

AIRWAYS PROVIDES OVER 200 WAYS TO DO IT for this man who expects top service and convenience in renting a car. He knows that over 200 AIRWAYS offices in the U.S. and Canada offer lower rates including gas, oil and insurance. He knows AIRWAYS saves him money by not maintaining airport facilities and saves him time because one call and AIRWAYS will probably arrive before his luggage. He knows AIRWAYS will provide a 1967 Chevrolet, Pontiac, Buick Riviera, Camaro or other new car. **He knows it—AIRWAYS knows it—now YOU know it.**

Chevrolet Impala

All major credit cards accepted. Write for free International Directory to:
Dept. **NR-4**
AIRWAYS RENT-A-CAR SYSTEM
5410 West Imperial Highway
Los Angeles, California 90045

AIRWAYS RENT-A-CAR®



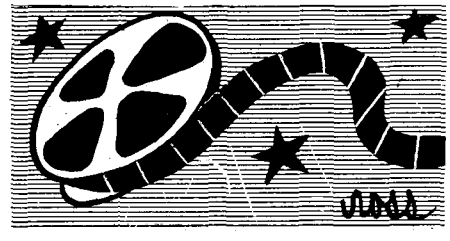
134 flights daily

Connections between Kennedy International, LaGuardia, Wall Street and Newark Airports, plus direct flights between Kennedy and the Pan Am Building. And now, new services from Teterboro to Kennedy direct and via the Pan Am Building, and from Westchester non-stop to Kennedy International.

NEW YORK AIRWAYS
More than two million passengers carried
In New York, phone: ILlinois 8-7400. In New Jersey: MArket 3-2590

dren, full of wooden animals, but Dino's was one on a life scale. The trouble with the literalness is that one tends to carry it to its conclusion. Seeing the animals packed into their stalls, watching Noah and his family so faithfully engaged in feeding them, I couldn't help but wonder about the sanitary facilities and what the ark must have smelt like at the end of the forty days.

Dino has indeed translated the first part of Genesis into the most naturalistic visual terms. Cain knocks out Abel in a wheat field, Abraham and his wife Ava Gardner wander across the Sahara, the tribes battle each other, Sodom goes up in smoke and Lot's wife is turned to salt. The difficulty in treating Genesis as if it had been written by Zola is simply that these mythopoetic tales are made ludicrous by naturalism. Peter O'Toole, alternating as all three of the Angels coming to Abraham, becomes a spiritual version of the old shell game. For the Sodom interlude, Katherine Dunham arranged dances to "convey the degradation and depravity of the doomed inhabitants,"



with the result that the place becomes a discothèque, with a few happenings thrown in. I half expected to find Dr. Timothy Leary cavorting in the background. Certainly the goings-on didn't seem bad enough to explode them with an atom bomb, which is indeed what happened, as we realize when we watch the mushroom cloud billow over the doomed city.

IT IS TRUE ENOUGH that one doesn't have to think at *The Bible*. Enjoying oneself is another matter. I found the spectacle mediocre, the action languid, and the color jaundiced—in sum I couldn't see any reason for sitting through three hours of such an exercise in applied religiosity. And yet there was no denying that the Sack Theater was packing them in again. Whatever I might think, say or write, Dino's last laugh was golden. After all, eighteen from eighty still leaves $62 million.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Report on the Quarterlies

PETER P. WITONSKI

➢ "The Curious Death of the Novel: or, What To Do about Tired Literary Critics," by Louis D. Rubin (*Kenyon Review*, Vol. XXVIII, No. 3, Summer 1966).
The "modern novel" is not dead; it is merely the prisoner—perhaps for several generations to come—of Joyce and Mann and Proust and Faulkner. The present generation of novelists, best personified by such writers as Barth, Styron, Bellow and Malamud, are caught up in the sometimes thankless job of disengaging themselves from this earlier tradition; and while they are doing this (the literary critics to the contrary), they are keeping the spirit of the novel alive.

➢ "American Conservatism and Liberal Mythology," by J. W. Daly (*Dalhousie Review*, Vol. XXXVI, No. 2, Summer 1966).
One of Canada's most literate university quarterlies here offers a fascinating (and courageous) discussion of the North American liberal mind. The author, Professor J. W. Daly, argues that the chief defect in liberal political thought is an adamant refusal to think sensibly about American conservatism. In the 1964 Presidential campaign, he argues, "the massive denigration of Goldwater and the whole conservative movement was such as to cry out for serious analysis, but since the professional analysts were the most vociferous denigrators, someone else will have to point out that these intellectual emperors are at least half naked." The author's analysis of the "structural flaws of the liberal mind" is trenchant and to the point, and he concludes by noting that the liberal intellectuals who fear that the U.S. Air Force is plotting to take over the Federal Government are really no better—and perhaps are a good deal worse—than the Birchers who viewed the late President Kennedy as a Communist.

➢ "L. B. Namier—A Personal Impression," by Isaiah Berlin (*Encounter*, Vol. XXVII, No. 5, November 1966). The late Sir Lewis Namier was one of the most powerful intellectuals and influential historians of the twentieth century. He was a Tory scholar who believed in the genius of the English ruling class, aristocracy, dignity, virtue and grandeur; and while many contemporary conservatives were turning to the Whig tradition and to Edmund Burke, Namier castigated that tradition as being false and in distant touch with reality. King George III, *not* Burke, was his ideal. He was an eccentric and difficult man, and it is therefore of no small importance that Sir Isaiah Berlin has added to our knowledge of his character with this splendid collection of personal anecdotes.

➢ "The Burden of History," by Hayden White (*History and Theory*, Vol. I, No. 2, 1966).
The position of historical study in society is always being debated and examined by scholars from various different disciplines; and the conceptions of history derived from these numerous scholars are often quite antithetical. Since the second half of the nineteenth century, Dr. White

argues in this informative essay, historical studies have been a refuge for men seeking to find the "simple in the complex." This situation simply will not longer do in a century as complex as our own, he says. The historian must face *all* the numerous problems created by our age, regardless of how far removed they may be from a simple historical synthesis.

➢ "The Norman Conquest," by R. H. Davis (*History*, Vol. LI, No. 173, Fall 1966).
There has been such a fantastic shedding of ink anent the Norman Conquest of England that one hesitates to mention a *mere* journal article—especially in 1966, a year that saw a veritable effluvium of articles on the subject. But it is the genius of Dr. Davis' article that he avoids turning it into simply another *res gestae*, and concentrates on the Conquest's significance in the shaping of modern Britain. What William the Conqueror initiated, he argues, was a "kingly revolution" that was to establish Britain as a great and unified nation, form its traditions, language and culture.

➢ "Charles W. Eliot, Daniel C. Gilman and the Nature of American Scholarship," by Hugh Hawkins (*New England Quarterly*, Vol. XXXIX, No. 3, Fall 1966).
This revealing study traces the development of American scholarship since the introduction of Germanic pedagogical techniques—such as the seminar method and the elective—in the latter half of the nineteenth century. This development owes its impetus largely to two educators, Charles W. Eliot of Harvard and Daniel Coit Gilman of Johns Hopkins. Both were natural scientists—undoubtedly imbued with the spirit of Comtean positivism—and, as Dr. Hawkins notes, both were interested in dethroning the old classical tradition and replacing it with a rigorous program of research that would place scholarship before teaching. In our era of "publish or perish," the degree to which this approach has come to dominate the American academic community is obvious. ➢

More than just a telescope . . .
More than just a microscope
Emoskop: a complete vestpocket optical system.

ONLY $14.95 With Case

We went to Wetzlar, Germany (world capital of fine optics) to find such perfection at such a price. Remove the EMOSKOP from its fitted leather case and it is a 30-power microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 2.5-power telescope (ideal for theater, field and sky) or a unique 2.5x telescope-loupe. Another twist and you have a choice of magnifying glasses: 5-, 10-, or 15-powers! ☐ The perfect vestpocket companion for exacting professionals and scientists, and all those who wish to observe anything more closely and clearly. ☐ A most discreet opera glass. ☐ If you make a fetish of quality, the EMOSKOP will do you proud. Five coated lenses, fully achromatic, absolutely flat field. ☐ Modern Photography Magazine calls the EMOSKOP ". . . the only magnifier worthy of the name." ☐ Haverhill's guarantees your satisfaction without qualification.

INSTANT ORDER BLANK

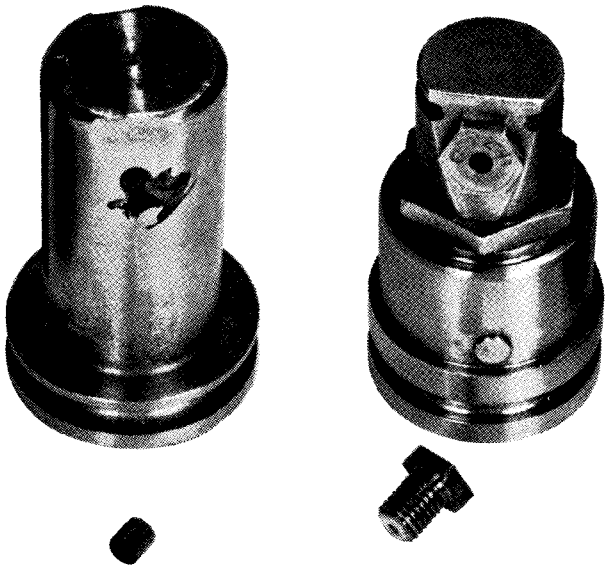
Mail to: HAVERHILL'S NR-0418
526 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111

Send me_____ Emoskop Optical System(s) @$14.95*
☐ I enclose check or M.O. plus $1.00 for post. and ins.
☐ Bill Amer. Expr. Acct. #_____
*(California residents add 4% sales tax)

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
_____ ZIP _____

© 1965 Haverhill's
Searching the World to bring you the Finest

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Old nozzle design (left) with ground taper bushing and (right) new design with threaded Kennametal bushing insert.

Centrifuge nozzles cost 70% less with Kennametal® carbides

Problem: High cost and maintenance problems with nozzles for centrifuges to handle such materials as fish oil, wool grease, apple juice, phosphoric acid slurry with 3% hydrofluoric acid, and Kaolin clay with sulfuric acid.

Solution: Working with Sharples® centrifuge engineers of Pennsalt Chemical Corp., Kennametal carbide engineers helped develop a completely new approach to nozzle design in order to utilize two special grades of Kennametal hard carbides—one grade to handle slurries causing average wear, another for severe abrasion-corrosion applications.

Manufacturing costs, inventory, and maintenance reduced
Manufacturing cost of the nozzles was cut drastically, for a saving of over 70%. Two carbides replaced four materials previously required to meet all end-user requirements—a 50% saving in nozzle inventories. And maintenance problems were sharply reduced.

Because Kennametal carbides resist corrosion, abrasion, impact, wear, and deformation, they often outlast other metals by ratios of 100 to 1 or even higher.

Kennametal carbides are so wear-resistant they practically eliminate product contamination due to attrition.

For more information, contact a Kennametal Carbide Engineer or write for Booklet 999, "Proven Uses of Kennametal." Address KENNAMETAL INC., Dept. NR, Latrobe, Pennsylvania 15650. Telephone 412-537-3311.

75064

KENNAMETAL

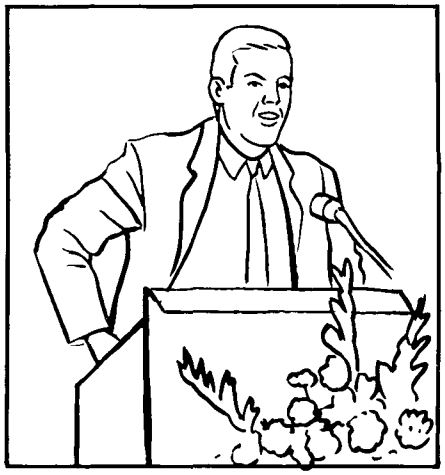
➢ "The American Exploration of Dreams and Dreamers," by Merle Curti (*Journal of the History of Ideas*, Vol. XXVII, No. 3, Summer 1966). The American experience with dreams and dreamers, first commented upon by the late James Truslow Adams in his "What Americans Dream", is here treated, by one of America's most distinguished intellectual historians, from the metaphysical and spiritual standpoint of pragmatic American society. Curti traces this interesting topic from Increase Mather's angelic confrontations to Erik Erikson's visions of normalcy, and thus offers us an interesting view of the American mind.

➢ "Nietzsche as *Politique et Moraliste*," by S. J. Colman (*Journal of the History of Ideas*, Vol XXVIII, No. 4, Winter 1966).
This interesting essay offers an excellent survey of a good deal of the extant literature on the philosophy of Nietzsche, as a thoughtful analysis of the strange hostility toward him of the English-speaking world. While Nietzsche diagnosed many of the problems that were to become crucial in the twentieth century, he has been consistently vilified and misrepresented by people ranging along the intellectual and political spectrum from Adolf Hitler to Karl Jaspers. Dr. Colman offers no new interpretations or insights, but he points in the direction of a thorough Nietzsche reconstruction, which will be of significant aid to historians of philosophy.

➢ "Jefferson's Conception of the Role of Science in World History," by F.S.C. Northrop (*Journal of World History*, Vol. IX, No. 4, Fall 1966). *Journal of World History* offers an excellent study of the intellectual history of eighteenth-century Virginia—particularly as it was reflected in the thought of Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson, unlike his contemporary Franklin, was well grounded in Newtonian Science, and while remaining a practical and concrete man, he was saturated with all the latest eighteenth-century developments in theoretical science. The extent to which this theoretical bent influenced his ap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLOR Your Next Meeting



Conservative!

Why not make your next social, business or civic meeting really interesting and *informative?* Why not arrange to have a good speaker (a good *conservative* speaker!).

You can put new life into your own organization by making use of the well-known and stimulating public speakers and debaters now available for speaking engagements anywhere in America.

Why not suggest this to your chairman—or, if you are an officer yourself (and we know *many* NR readers are)—start making plans today to give your next meeting a boost.

Check this list of fine speakers and lecturers available *only* through Catherine Babcock, Inc.

- **Frederick Wilhelmsen**
- **Charles W. Wiley**
- **Ernest van den Haag**
- **L. Brent Bozell**
- **Russell Kirk**
- **Thomas Molnar**
- **Frank S. Meyer**
- **William F. Rickenbacker**
- **William A. Rusher**
- **Ralph de Toledano**
- **F. Clifton White**

Remember, your meeting doesn't *have* to be dull. Just drop us a line telling us about your organization and *when* you need a speaker. We'll take it from there. Write today to:

CATHERINE BABCOCK, INC.
544 Southside Road
Virginia Beach, Virginia

proach to law and government was, Professor Northrop suggests, profound.

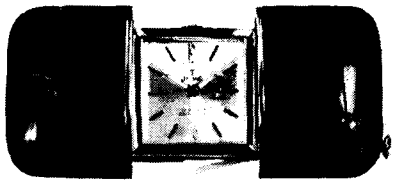
➢ "The Culinary Triangle," by Claude Levi-Strauss (*Partisan Review,* Vol. XXXIII, No. 4, Fall 1966). Professor Claude Levi-Strauss has become the official anthropologist to the French literary establishment—a social scientist whose influence extends far beyond the confines of his own academic conventicle; and it is therefore always an interesting, if not always rewarding, event when one of his works (however small) appears in an English translation. The present work, while esoteric and jargon-ridden, provides us with an enlightening study of culinary language as a social activity.

➢ "Dostoevsky: The House of the Dead," by Joseph Frank (*Sewanee Review,* Vol. LXXIV, No. 4, Fall 1966).
Dostoevsky's metamorphosis from a radical-skeptic into a supporter of Czarism and Christianity during his four years in a Siberian prison stockade is certainly one of the most fascinating intellectual transformations in the history of literature. By examining his *Sketches from the House of the Dead*—the immediate product of the Siberian episode—along with certain telling letters, Joseph Frank offers an impressive picture of this transformation. The analysis of the rivalry between the peasantry and the gentry in Czarist Russia will be of great interest to students of social history.

➢ "Frank O'Connor: 1903-1966," by Thomas Flanagan (*Kenyon Review,* Vol. XXVIII, No. 4, Fall 1966).
The passing of Frank O'Connor last year deprived the English-speaking world of one of its great story-tellers and literary scholars. He was an Irishman, and in his almost one hundred short stories, his novels and criticism, his autobiographical writings, he spoke of his native land with an eloquence rarely equalled—even in a century of great Irish writers. Mr. Flanagan, a student of Irish literature and one of O'Connor's friends, gives us a lively and intimate account of this singularly brilliant writer.

➢ "Science and Symbol in the Turner Frontier Hypothesis," by William Coleman (*American Historical Re-*

UNIQUE IN ITS TIME
FAMOUS



Stowa Calendar Slide Watch $59.*
Is it possible? Everybody knows that the only other comparable version of this watch is priced at over $100. Ah, but *we've done it again:* The 17-jewel, alligator-cased slide watch we offer you is a horological masterpiece, a product of famous Stowa in Germany. This watch winds itself and is fashionably styled for both men and women. Its compactness, bedside manner (opened it stands up) and easy readability make it equally suited for business, travel and everyday clock watching.
*Same watch without calendar feature, $54.

TIME'S A-WASTING
Mail to: HAVERHILL'S, 526 Washington Street, San Francisco, California 94111
☐ Send the Stowa Slide Calendar Watch $59.*
☐ Send the Stowa Slide Watch w/o Calendar $54.*
☐ Brown ☐ Black
☐ Check enclosed (including $1. postage and insurance) *Calif. add 4% sales tax
☐ Bill Amer. Express Acct. # _____
I may return the watch within 10 days for full refund. Guaranteed for 1 full year.
Name _____
Address _____
_____ Zip _____
© 1966 Haverhill's
NR-0418
Searching the World to bring you the Finest

The University of Dallas

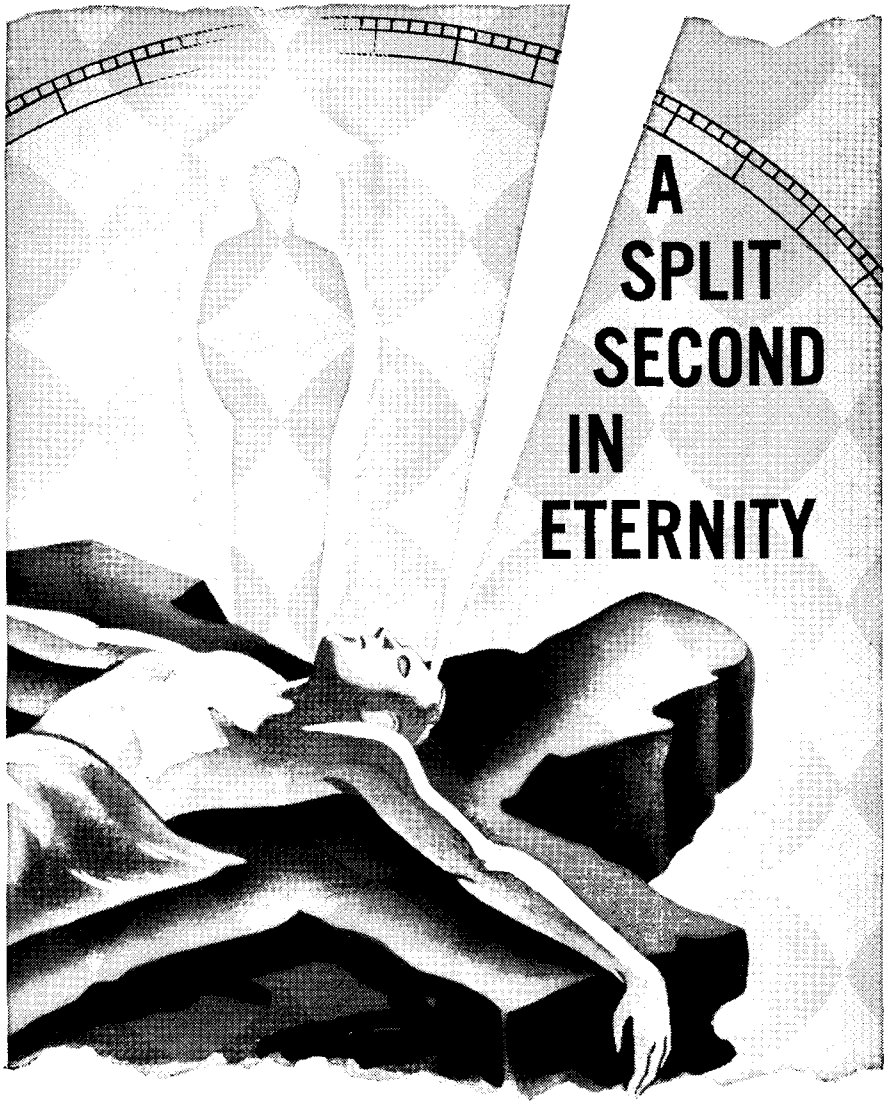
The Graduate Program In...

Politics and Literature

will enroll a new "freshman" class in Sept., 1967.
(All qualified applicants will receive tuition scholarships.)

Box N, UD Station, Texas 75061

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Ancients called it
COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

Must man die to release his *inner consciousness?* Can we experience *momentary flights* of the soul—that is, *become one with the universe* and receive an influx of great understanding?

The shackles of the body—its earthly limitations—can be thrown off and *man's mind can be attuned* to the Infinite Wisdom for a flash of a second. During this brief interval intuitive knowledge, great inspiration and a new vision of our life's mission are had. Some call this great experience a psychic phenomenon. But the ancients knew it and taught it as *Cosmic Consciousness*—the merging of man's mind with the Universal Intelligence.

Let This Free Book Explain

This is *not* a religious doctrine, but the application of *simple,* natural laws which give man an insight into the great Cosmic plan. They make possible a source of great joy, strength and a regeneration of man's personal powers. Write to the Rosicrucians, an age-old brotherhood of understanding, for a *free* copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." It will tell you how, in the privacy of your own home, you may indulge in these mysteries of life known to the ancients. Address: Scribe M.G.X.

The Rosicrucians

SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIF., 95114, U.S.A.
Please Include Your Zip Code

Scribe M.G.X.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California, 95114
Please send me the *free* book, *The Mastery of Life,* which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip Code_____

view, Vol. LXXII, No. 1, Fall 1966). Ever since the late Frederick Jackson Turner discovered the significance of the frontier in the shaping of the American character, American historians have been concerned with, in his words, "the formation and expansion of the American people, the composition of the population, their institutions, their economic life, and their fundamental assumptions." Professor Coleman sheds new light on the origins of the frontier hypothesis by demonstrating the degree to which it was inspired by such nineteenth-century scientific movements as Lamarckianism and Darwinism.

➔ "The Unperson in Communist Historiography," by Warren Lerner (*South Atlantic Quarterly,* Vol. LXV, No. 4, Fall 1966).

It is worth noting that there really is no Communist historiography simply because Communist historians are the prisoners of their ideology. Aside from their long-standing propensity for ignoring the so-called "facts of history," they also suffer from a disposition to ignore embarrassing persons. Thus the history of the Communist movements is peopled with a vast number of what Orwell called "unpersons": Bukharin, Trotsky, Radek, Zinoviev and, most recently, Khrushchev. Dr. Lerner offers some interesting examples of the unperson in Communist historiography, as well as some splendid insights into the workings of the Russian historical profession.

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (April 4)

INDIANAPOLIS STAR

NOT HOPED, DID.

Harrison Salisbury, the New York newsman who wrote and is writing on his visit to North Viet Nam, said . . . the reason North Viet Nam allowed him a two-week visa to visit that country was that they "hoped to use me as a propaganda tool." What does he mean "hoped to?" They did.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

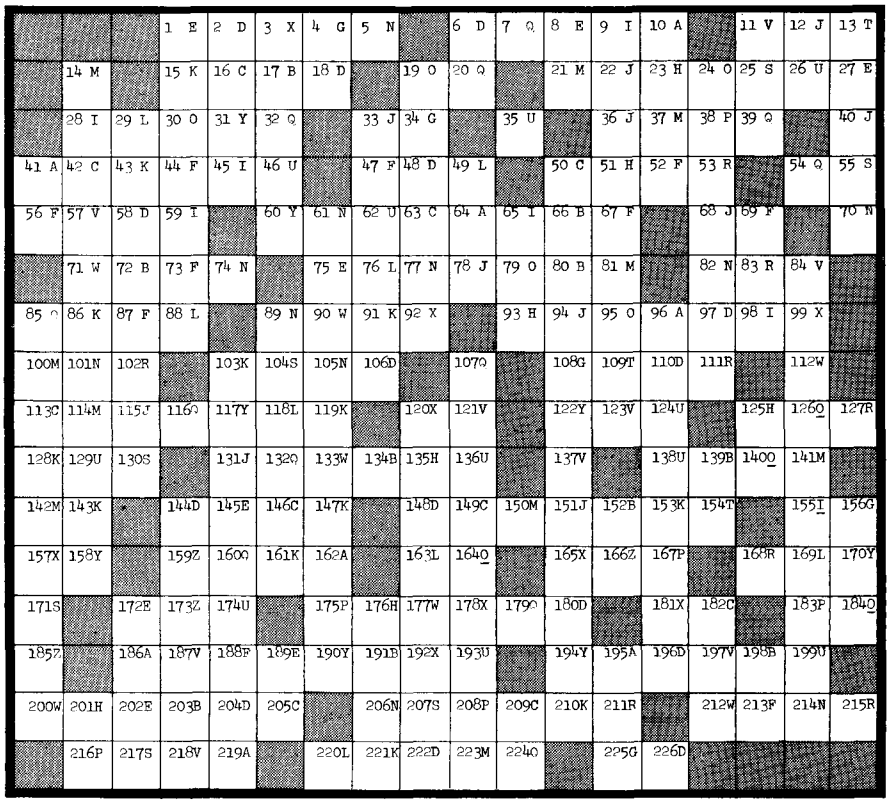
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Typographical error	64 186 10 41 96 195 219 162
B. Criticism or explanation added to a text	72 17 66 80 134 139 152 191 198 203
C. Order to which horseshoe crab belongs	149 42 63 113 146 205 209 50 16 182
D. This brought bad luck to Huck and Jim	180 2 6 18 48 58 97 106 110 144 148 196 204 222 226
E. Relationship by marriage or by ties other than those of blood	8 1 75 189 145 202 172 27
F. Party organized by De Valera; latter part doesn't sound Irish	69 44 52 67 73 87 188 213 47 56
G. Abroad	34 225 108 4 156
H. The main character in two of Lyly's works	51 125 93 201 176 135 23
I. What Washington stood up in; this was pre-National Safety Council	59 45 155 28 98 65 9
J. Kingdom in Mediterranean area which lasted intermittently from 1130 to 1861	78 36 40 115 33 151 68 12 22 94 131
K. An apple that ripens in the autumn	119 86 153 210 221 15 43 91 103 128 143 147 161
L. Young females collectively	220 76 118 49 169 29 163 88

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Permanent resident	14 223 21 37 100 114 142 150 81 141
N. Interchange or alteration, as of states or things	214 61 77 82 206 5 70 74 101 89 105
O. Emptiness, lethargy	19 140 95 126 79 24 184 30 164
P. A man of Jezreel who owned a vineyard	38 175 216 208 167 183
Q. What presidential messages usually are	224 7 179 32 39 54 85 107 116 132 160 20
R. Played or trifled idly with something	102 168 127 53 111 83 215 211
S. One who is easily angered	104 25 171 207 217 55 130
T. First name of famous bridge expert	109 13 154
U. Type of vessel; sounds like someone John L. Lewis would organize	199 35 46 124 136 138 174 193 62 129 26
V. The wood ibis; not the mayor of a Michigan city	121 84 137 187 57 123 218 11 197
W. Across the direction or course of	133 177 212 71 112 90 200
X. Quarter of a large city where certain Orientals live	3 178 181 99 157 192 120 92 165
Y. The subject of gossip, rumor, or the like	122 117 194 190 158 170 60 31
Z. Barnum and Bailey had the greatest on earth	185 173 166 159

See page 434 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified advertisements

LITERARY

LOCATE any book, Aardvarks. Box 1749-N Orlando, Florida 32802.

Out-of-print books located and quoted. We carry interesting lists on Government, politics, International Affairs, etc., REGENT HOUSE, 2920 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90057.

Anyone who has ever been owned by a cat will be enchanted by "The Story of a Lady" by Belinda Jelliffe. $1.00. 19 Alden Place, Bronxville, NY. 10708

EMPLOYMENT WANTED

Young Marine Captain, Viet Nam veteran, seeks employment with conservative-minded business or organization, preferably politically-inclined. Administrative experience, enjoys responsibility, hard work. A.B. degree. Write NR box 750.

Conservative college journalism student, A average seeks summer employment in NYC, Washington, D.C. or Southwest. Write NR box 760.

Speaker on international affairs and Cold War. Newsman, specialist on Communism. Many wars covered (Vietnam twice). Travel in over 100 countries—extensive behind the Iron Curtain and in most trouble spots. (Arrested in Castro's Cuba). Wide speaking experience. Write NR Box 303.

SUMMER JOB WANTED: in Phila. area by college junior. English major. NR Box 700.

EMPLOYMENT OFFERS

EXCELLENT, SATISFYING OPPORTUNITY for Conservative, Board-accredited, Board-eligible radiologist. Recent resident to age 35 preferred. Southeast U. S. (Association with two established radiologists leading to early partnership). Write NR Box 675.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited Opportunities. Latest Government Information $1.00, Austco, Box 3623-CC, Long Beach, California 90803

REAL ESTATE

Three adjoining lots in beautiful Crandon Lakes, New Jersey. Swimming, boating, fishing right at your back door. Country club privileges. This is the ideal spot to build your summer cottage and it's yours for $1700.000. Write today to NR Box 370 or call 914-783-2190.

FOR SALE: Choice properties in ski areas. Write Box 267, Petoskey, Michigan.

FALMOUTH, CAPE COD, MASS. 6½ Wooded Acres. 6 Room Summer House on 600 ft. deep salt water front. Write NR Box 685.

HIGH ABOVE THE HOUSATONIC VALLEY with 15 acres cleared and wooded land a circa 1924 6 room bungalow invites attention. It has a good furnace, artisian well etc. but needs redecoration. Low-lying old red barn in good condition to the rear. Great potential here for $23,000. For appointment write or call MARCIA L. BURNHAM, Kent, Conn. 203-927-3117.

SALES

AMERICAN DECOR. Unique items for home, office, den. Handsome Posters, Maps, Plaques, Trade Signs, Accessories. Send for Free Illustrated Catalog. Artforum, Box 20AD, N.Y.C. 10003

FREE MUSICAL aptitude test. Handmade guitars offered to sell. Call: C. G. Studio EN 2-6264, 28 West 86th St., New York 10024

ROMAN NAILS from period Crucifixion. Eight inches. Descriptive folder. $7.50 each. Box 104, Georgetown, Connecticut.

CHURCH HISTORY Professor's library being sold. Many valuable old classics. Box 725, Write for lists.

Record jackets. Replace old, torn, shabby L P covers with clean, glossy, pure white jackets. Plastic lined inner sleeves and 78 covers. Free details, samples 50¢. Cabco, Dept. 722, 89 East Woodruff, Columbus, Ohio, 43210.

ROUTED REDWOOD SIGNS from clear all heart California Redwood. Letters 1½ to 30 inches in any color. Our signs used by colleges, cities, industry, ranches, parks, state and federal agencies. Send sketch for quote and details. Routed Signs, Inc., Box 524, Ocala, Fla. 32670

FABULOUS MUSIC offer. All labels. Example-List price $4.98-Club price $3.70. Write now. Harvey's Record Club, Dept. 110, Box 1402, Newport News, Va., 23601

TRAVELS

WORLD WIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25 Rates—Schedules—700 Passenger Carrying Freighters. TraveLtips, 40-21NQ Bell, Bayside, New York 11361.

VACATIONS

INDIAN CAVE LODGE AND COTTAGES. Informal summer resort, directly on lake, planned recreation. Swimming pool. Delicious meals. Cocktails. Supervised children's play. $75 up/week including meals. Write for folder, Dept. 33, Lake Sunapee, N.H. 03782

RIDE 'N REEL RANCH, Bayfield, Colorado (near Durango), great fishing, mt. streams and lakes, trail rides, pack trips, informal guest ranch fun, children's counselors. Season June 5-Sept. 15. Write Dana Burden, Remuda Ranch, Wickenburg, Ariz. After June 1st, write Route 1, Box 217, Bayfield, Colo.

INVESTMENTS

INVESTING? For professional, courteous service and convenient midtown brokerage facilities, write or phone Leon Weil, Steiner Rouse & Co., 122 E. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017, MU 2-0300. Member of the N.Y. Stock Exchange.

MISCELLANEOUS

ZIP CODE DIRECTORY: 35,000 listings, $1.00. Prestige, Box 581, Hempstead, NY 11550

SLEEP-LEARNING . . . Hypnotism Strange catalog FREE. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NL, Olympia, Washington.

JOB SEEKERS: Let us rewrite your resume to aim it at the job you want. Reasonable rates on request. NR Box 705.

CRUZ IBANEZ CORP. General Contractors. Masonry, plaster and tile, carpentry, roofing, painting. Write or call 49-06 106th St., Corona, New York 651-0156

Pretty calico cat, one year old, playful, gold eyes, female (altered), accustomed to children—free to good home. Write NR box 755.

Southern college student, conservative habits (no LSD trips or sugar cubes!), working in Manhattan this summer, would take sublease on your East Side apartment approx. June 15 and return it to you Sept. 15 in excellent condition. Can pay $115 per month. Write NR Box 765.

DO YOU TALK TO OTHER CONSERVATIVES? Most of us do—it's so satisfying. But does it change anything? Do you go that one step beyond? Join the many informed, literate conservatives who do. Write for free flyer that tells you how. Public Action, Inc., 131 E. 69th St., NY, N.Y. 10021

"A LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE PIANO! Master lessons through correspondence. Beginners. Rusty Intermediates. Age No Barrier. CAMEO STUDIO 251 Cameo Road. Levittown, Pa. 19057."

We have prepared a 20-page thought provoking, timely report on Bell & Howell Company. You may be interested in reading it; and also perhaps talk to Mr. Andrew Racz from our institutional research department. Scheinman, Hochstin & Trotta, Inc. 111 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Tel: 212-965-6630.

JOIN MENSA; the public forum for the able minded. P.O. Box 86, Gravesend Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11223. Mensa members who would like to sponsor this ad for one month, write to NR Box 690.

WHILE THEY LAST: Bill of Rights, Constitution, and Declaration of Independence on antiqued porchment-type paper, suitable for framing. Enclose $2.98 (postage and handling charges) with order to NR, Box 76.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.20 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 388)

stems from an attachment to the kind of authoritarian conservatism that I and other libertarian conservatives abhor.
Scottsdale, Ariz. THOMAS A. JACOBSEN

I am a twenty-year-old junior at the University of South Dakota; I am draftable, having a II-S deferment; I consider myself politically conservative, and I certainly do not fall into the ranks of the New Left; and, though I have a vested interest in the matter, I have attempted to be as objective as possible.

First, I do not feel college deferments are terribly "inequitable." Just as military reserves are maintained for the ever-lurking "national emergency," so also the academy should be supported for meeting the demands of the modern technological culture. If it is not the culture which the military defends, then what good the Defense Establishment?

Next, granting either the present Selective Service system, or the proposed nineteen-year-olds-first method, it would seem wrong to hinder graduate study, if one has been permitted to complete the undergraduate work. If a man were not selected initially at eighteen or nineteen (by either method), and requirements of the armed services were not "emergency" in nature, it hardly seems advisable to deter him from pursuing a vocation or further education.
Vermillion, S. Dakota A. BLAIR TREMERE

South Africa Unrevisited

We liked your description of our lads on the carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt* ["'Twas a Famous Victory," Feb. 21]. What sense those boys did have. What sense the whole civil rights thing might have made by now, had it been allowed to proceed normally with no political hoop-la.
Longmeadow, Mass. A. O. WALLACE

McNamara Reprise

I must protest the one-sided procedure *NR* has adopted to give vent to the two sides of the McNamara controversy sparked by James Burnham's article "Why Do They Hate Robert Strange McNamara?". Witness how this written debate has been pursued: Affirmative [Burnham] is given eleven pages to present its argument; three months' time passes during which many letters are written to *NR* stating the disgust of your readers with the approach taken by Affirmative. Negative is finally given a chance to present its side in four pages: I include only Dr. Jacobs' article ["Second Place in the Arms Race," Feb. 21] as Negative—Major Eliot's article in the same issue was not a treatment of the issue at hand, but merely an insight into a particular problem, and, although interesting, was not pertinent to the discussion. In the very same issue Affirmative is given a page to rebut Negative, which, incidentally, preceded Negative's presentation in page order. Affirmative announces at the end of its rebuttal that it will continue to rebut in the next issue. Under such circumstances, even Mr. Buckley would find it difficult to debate. Where is your sense of fair play, gentlemen?
Rockville, Md. BRUCE M. FINGERHUT

Walter Darnell Jacobs' arguments on behalf of ABM hinge upon two rather specious propositions: first, that any new significant advance in weaponry is likely to be a sufficient cause of a nation's choosing war instead of peace—and that therefore we *must* reply in kind whenever a new item of hardware is trotted out; and second, that the Soviet ABM system does *in fact* give them the ability to *fight* (and presumably "win") a nuclear war, and that the Soviets are bound to interpret the situation this way.

Taking the second argument first, I have seen McNamara's figures on the expected level of performance of an American ABM, and even if those figures are pessimistic by a factor of 2, I think that there is still reason to believe that *we* remain deterred from initiating a surprise attack. Mr. Jacobs has furnished no evidence that Soviet capabilities for defense come anywhere near to being superior to *our* defense by the same degree that our *offense* exceeds theirs. In short, we can still do them unacceptable damage. Furthermore, the Soviet general staff is probably more acutely aware than any public commentator in this country of the shortcomings of Russian weapons, and if we—with our definite superiority in offensive missiles—are uneasy, how must the Soviets feel about their ability to carry off a sneak attack successfully?

On the first point, in any attempt on our part to extend our nuclear umbrella over our allies, ABM may defeat our purpose. If the Soviets think that we feel safe behind our ABM curtain, they may repeat the fatal mistake which Germany twice made—initiating a war into which they did not think isolationist America would be drawn.
Los Angeles, Calif. ROD KING

Dollar Wise

The dollar is asymptotic.
Ventura, Calif. ROBERT A. WILSON, M.D.

How's the half, Doc? —ED.

"This magnificent biography...rescues 'Dizzy' at last from the clutches of the storytellers." —EDWIN M. YODER, JR., *Saturday Review*

"A signal contribution to our understanding of that brilliant and mysterious figure.... A serious reassessment has been long overdue.... One comes away with reinforced respect for the toughness and resilience he showed in the political arena, and with a sense almost of awe for the versatility of his talents... a wit so devastating and elegant that only Oscar Wilde's can be put in the same class." —JOHN CLIVE, *New York Times Book Review*

With cartoons and photographs • 819 pages • $12.50

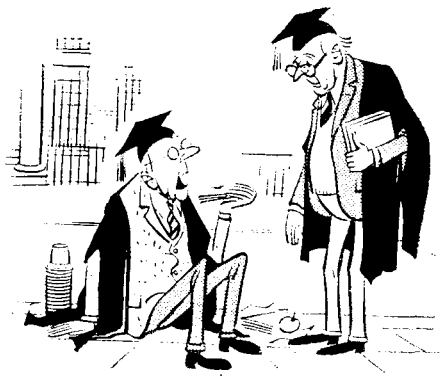
DISRAELI
by ROBERT BLAKE
ST. MARTIN'S

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ Blown: secret meeting at which Sen. **Hugh Scott** (R., Pa.) urged other Republican leaders in Congress to kick over conservative leadership **(Gerald Ford, Melvin Laird, Everett Dirksen)** and vote the Democratic way on major upcoming bills. Scott's revolt is backed by National Committee for an Effective Congress (a liberal Democratic front); it was not attended by two of the invitees, Sen. **Jacob Javits** of N.Y. and **Edward Brooke** of Mass. On hand: various prominent members of the one-time Lindsay-led House Wednesday Club—including **Brad Morse** of Mass., **Florence Dwyer** of N.J., **Charles Mathias** of Md., **Seymour Halpern** of N.Y. (Morse, who started his career as a conservative, has skittered steadily leftward until he now emerges as head of liberal Wednesday Club). . . . Newest member of Wednesday Club reportedly is **Robert Taft Jr.** of Ohio. . . . Sen. **Thruston Morton** of Ky., credited with winning the necessary Republican votes for **LBJ**'s Consular Treaty, now taking the lead in softening up GOP opposition to Administration's East-West trade bill. The Hill wondering whether Morton is playing for support of Senate liberals (he's tolerated by conservatives) as possible successor to **Dirksen** should he (Dirksen) decide to step down. . . . Pennsylvania's liberal Republicans floating the name of **William Scranton** as possible '68 senatorial opponent to **Joseph Clark,** despite Scranton's insistence he's not interested in any elected office.

■ Rep. **Glenard Lipscomb** of Calif. sparking House Republican opposition to East-West trade bill. His comment on the mutual advantages argument: "Does this trade carry mutual advantages to the American GI facing a Vietcong armed with submachine guns made by the Skoda Works in Czechoslovakia which is gradually being refitted with American machine tools?". . . On freedom behind the curtain: West Germany reports **1,155 East Germans** managed to escape over the Wall, through the minefields, past the barbed wire barricades in 1966; figures on how many were caught are unavailable. . . . Another 67 East Europeans took advantage of the ice hockey world championship in Vienna late last month to apply for **political asylum. . . .** Yugoslav authorities announce **Mihajlo Mihajlov,** the writer now serving a year's sentence, will go on trial again next week on charges of publishing anti-



Mansbridge-*Daily Sketch* Ben Roth Agency

"I'm protesting against student strikes."

Yugoslav works abroad. . . . Horrifying pictures of **U.S. airmen** bowing before their captors and reciting mechanical indictments of U.S. "imperialist" policies in North Vietnam are at least in part faked. Lip readers in Japan, who have gotten hold of some of the North Vietnamese propaganda films report that the aviators are not saying what is heard on the sound tracks; they are answering routine questions like name, rank and serial number.

■ Once and You're Out: **Floyd McKissick** of CORE (who's having hard time keeping up with **Stokely Carmichael)** urging Brooklyn Negro voters to boot Rep. **Emanuel Celler** next year because Celler headed committee that recommended fining Adam Clayton Powell and canceling his seniority. . . . Celler has impeccable liberal record in Congress, particularly in labor, civil rights field (ADA 84, COPE 100, ACA 4). . . . Carmichael back on **Burn, Baby, Burn** kick. At Miles College (Birmingham) last week he urged students to ignore "white law," told them: "If a white man tries to walk over you, kill him." . . . . Sen. **Edward Brooke** had painful meeting with six leading members of Mass. Political Action for Peace (PAX) group, who accused him of treason for changing his stance on Vietnam war. Meeting ended in anger, according to *Worker* account. . . . Cornell authorities acted decisively when they found nine undergraduates trying to organize a 500-man burn-your-draft-card rally as Cornell's contribution to **Spring Mobilization for Peace.** Cornell expelled all nine. . . . *Tocsin* reports *N.Y. Times'* **Herbert Matthews** was honored guest at dinner for Abraham Lincoln Brigade's Edward Barsky. Toastmaster at banquet was **John Abt,** attorney for the Communist Party.

■ **Martin Luther King**'s various Chicago marches, sit-ins, and takeovers apparently had little political effect. Mayor **Daley** (King's principal target) won biggest election of his career (72.8 per cent) of the vote; write-in candidate **Dick Gregory** got less than 2 per cent despite backing by King and **ACP Jr. . . .** Florida Republicans jubilant over capture of 20 Senate, 40 House seats in state elections, up from two and eleven respectively in '65. Among new state senators: **Dennis O'Grady,** Florida YAF chairman.

■ **Kissing** has had to stop in Malaysia. Official censorship board has banned all embraces on national TV because "it embarrasses the older people."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUPER Krona COMFORT EDGE

SCHICK SCIENCE POLISHES THE COMFORT EDGE TO A FLAWLESS FINISH WITH A THOUSAND FEET OF STROPPING.

EVERY BLADE GIVES YOU THE UNIFORM SMOOTHNESS OF SCHICK'S NEW SUPER STAINLESS STEEL.

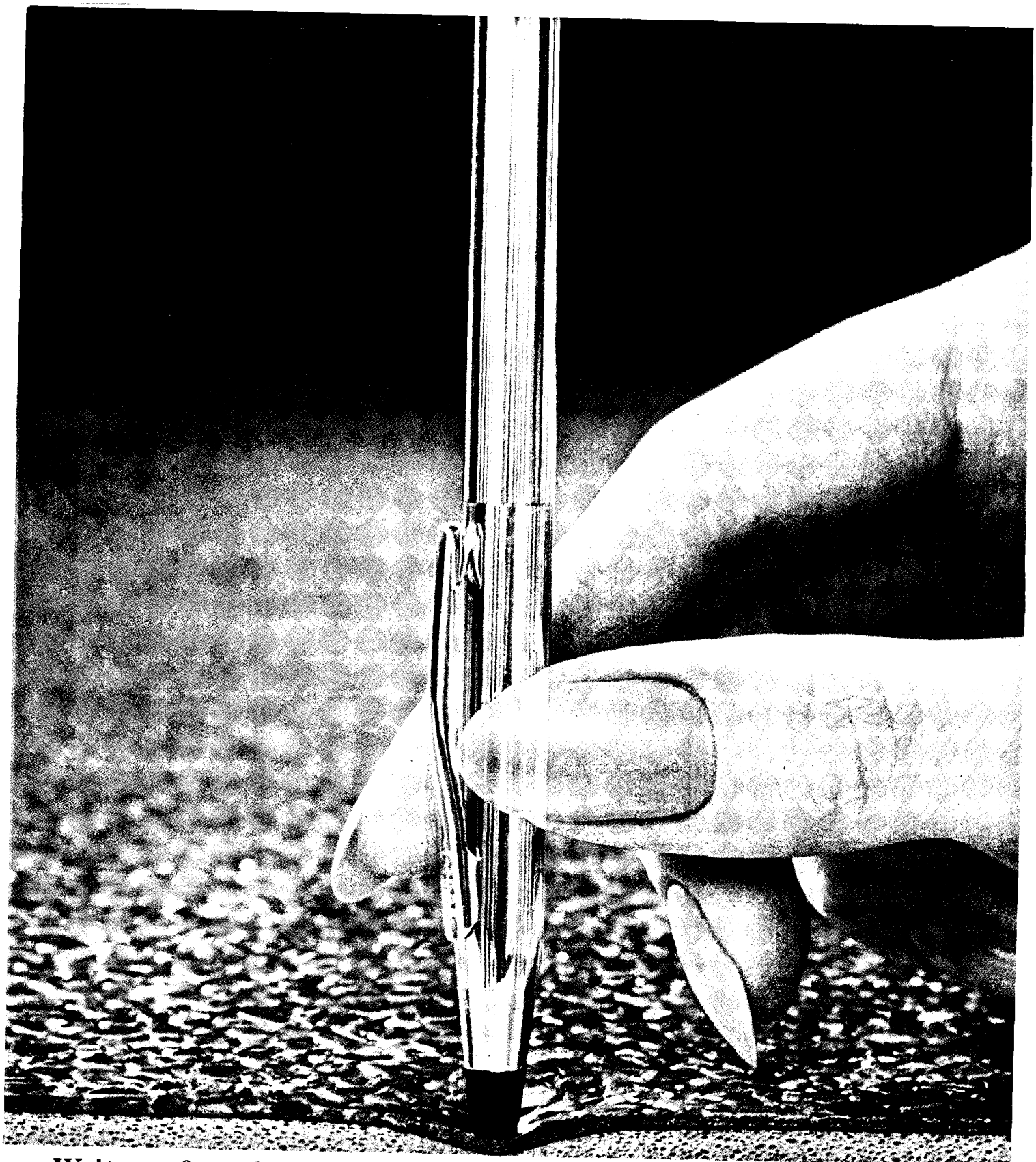
SCHICK SCIENCE COATS THE COMFORT EDGE SO SLIPPERY SMOOTH THERE'S NO PULL AT ALL.

That's comfort talking

(Schick science **insures** comfort with the Super Krona Comfort Edge®— yours only on new Schick Super Stainless Steel blades.)

Schick Safety Razor Co., Division of **EVERSHARP**® Inc. © 1967

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Write us for a free sample of this Armstrong cushioned vinyl floor. Armstrong, 6704 Weston Rd., Lancaster, Pa. 17604.

Underneath that tough surface, there's a thick cushion of vinyl foam. It gives when you step on it. Makes you feel like you're walking on air. In fact, you *are*. The name of this extraordinary, new floor is Armstrong Cambrian™ Cushioned Vinyl Corlon.® See it now at your Armstrong retailer's, or write to us for a free sample.

Armstrong

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED